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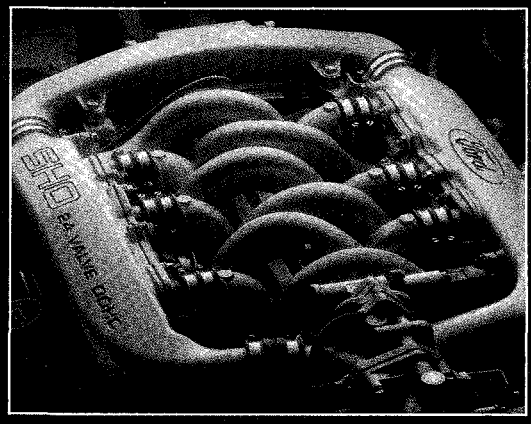


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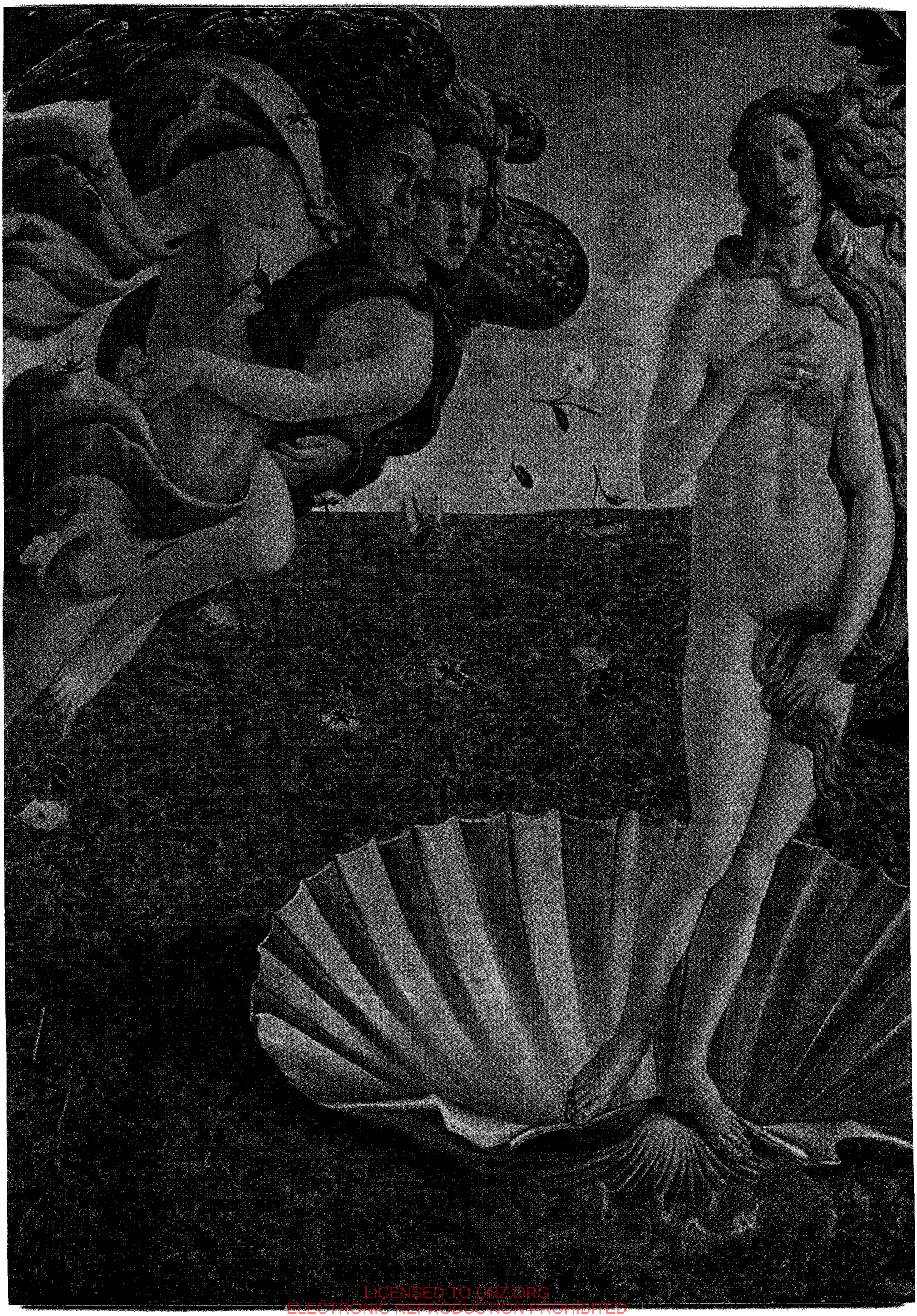

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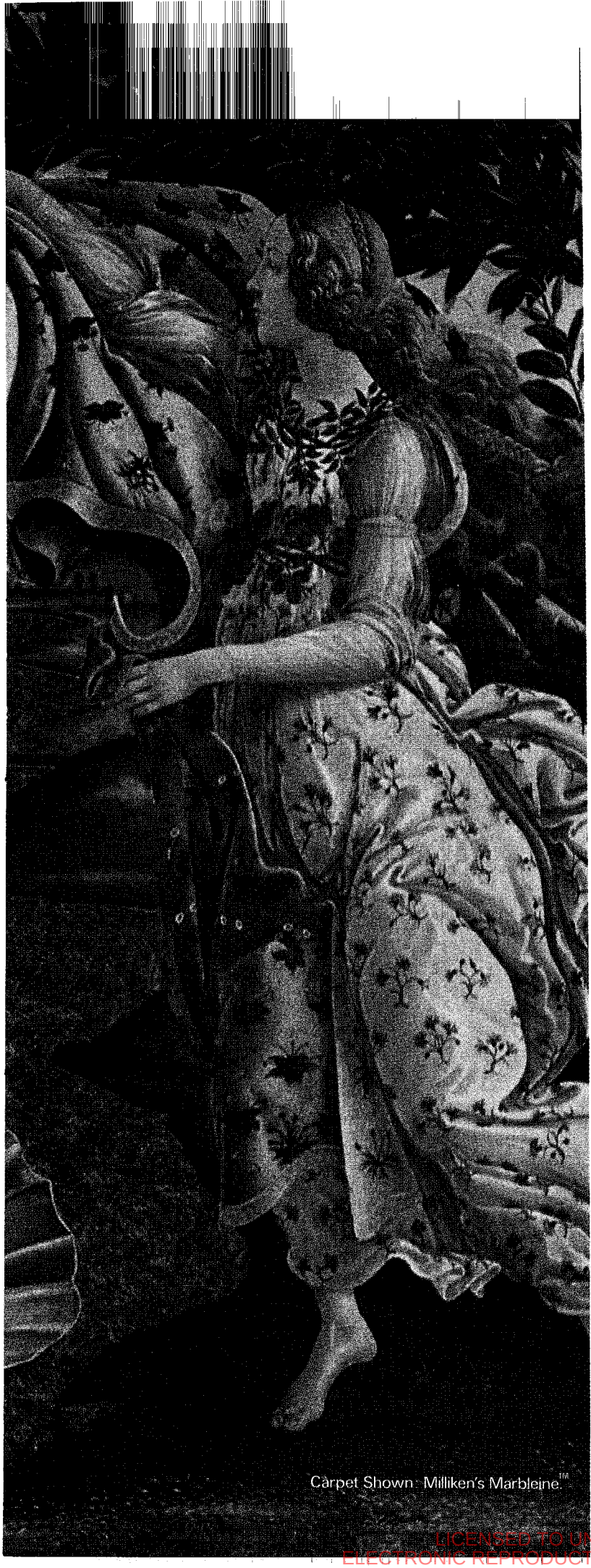


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# NATIONAL REVIEW

FEBRUARY 19, 1990 VOL. XLII, NO. 3

## Cover Story

34 ***Agenda for the Nineties***
Thirty-five years ago, we stood athwart history yelling, "Stop." According to Mr. Fukuyama, history finally listened. What now? **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** presents the key elements of a positive conservative program to address the nation's problems.

## Articles

20 ***On the Scene***
By opposing Pat Moynihan's Social Security tax cut, President Bush thinks he's dodged a tax- increase trap; in fact, notes **William McGurn**, he's lost a chance to *really* save Social Security. . . . "European unity" is the greatest political threat facing Margaret Thatcher, but, reports **Anthony Lejeune**, it also threatens the U.S.— even if the State Department can't see it. . . . After the U.S. invaded Grenada, something far worse lolloped in: lawyers. **Geoffrey Wagner** discusses the farcical trial of the New Jewel Movement. . . . **William Murchison** discovers the latest job category exposed to affirmative action: judges.

26 ***Hear No Evil, See No Evil***
The White House doesn't care whether the Sandinistas are eliminated as a regional threat, charges **Elliott Abrams**; it just wants everything to look nice on paper.

27 ***Should We Save Gorbachev?***
What has he got that King Canute didn't have? Nothing, says **Rodney Leach**: "reform" Communism is every bit as bad for the economy as the old kind—and it's less filling.

44 ***Protecting the Innocent***
Former prosecutor **Douglas Besharov** discusses just where things went wrong in the notorious California sex-abuse case, and how to protect children without abusing the law.

## Books, Arts & Manners

47 **Jeffrey Hart** envies William Shirer the exciting life of a foreign correspondent, shown in part in *Twentieth-Century Journey*, but not his writing ability. . . . The Administration case for strategic defense is now so thin, complains **Angelo M. Codevilla**, that even as weak a work as Janne E. Nolan's *Guardians of the Arsenal: The Politics of Nuclear Strategy* can poke nearly as many holes in SDI as there are in MAD. . . . **Aram Bakshian Jr.** finds plenty of insight on the Reagan White House in Peggy Noonan's *What I Saw at the Revolution*—but no insight into Reagan himself. . . . Apparently the Nobel committee doesn't care much about plot, concludes **Jake Morrissey** on finishing Naguib Mahfouz's *Palace Walk*. . . . Arthur Hertzberg disappoints **Dennis Prager** with *The Jews in America*, a secular—and therefore boring— history. . . . **William A. Rusher** profiles San Francisco, graceful emblem of the West that might have been. . . . **John Simon** ponders minorities on the silver screen in the overblown *Enemies: A Love Story* and the elegant *Driving Miss Daisy*. . . . Though beset by vegetarian Hindus, **Nika Hazelton** manages a remarkable chocolate-orange delight.

## Sections

6 ***Letters***
8 ***From the Editor***
10 ***On the Record***
11 ***The Week***
30 help
56 ***Right Books***
60 ***Trans-O-Gram***
62 ***On the Right***
64 ***Off the Record***

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# LETTERS

### *Tone-deaf Teachers*

The issue under debate in the American Academy of Religion is not whether you *can* be religious and study religion; everyone knows you can. It is whether you *have to* be—and, even more, whether you have to believe in the religion that you study in order to study that religion ["By the Dawn's Early Light," "The Week," Jan. 22]. These are different issues from the ones addressed in your editorial. For 14 years at Brown University I was in a department of religious studies with some professors who were simply tone-deaf to religion and despised religous people. I would condemn them as not respecting the subject on which they work. But the issues debated in the academy are somewhat other than your editorial suggests.

*Jacob Neusner*
*School of Historical Studies*
*Princeton University*
*Princeton, N.J.*

### *Freezing the Cold War*

In his essay "How to End the Cold War" [Nov. 10], Wm. F. Buckley Jr. outlined an interesting approach to arms reduction, as well as a means to boost the Soviet economy, but he overlooked a few points that would make such a plan unworkable.

He proposes a purchase of Soviet military equipment, casually mentioning that this equipment be non- replenishable. This may look fine on paper, but I don't think that we could be assured that the Soviets wouldn't use their newly gained revenue to effectively replace their old weapons with new, more powerful ones.

He also suggests that this military equipment simply be "jettisoned" out to sea. I'm sure he knows as well as I that we can't just dump our problems into the ocean, for they will surely come back to haunt us. If we were to buy these useless weapons, I suggest breaking them down and recycling them.

I believe the main problem with this and most other plans is that there is no good way to enforce the contract. No international court will keep them in check—such follies are reminiscent of the Kellogg–Briand "War is Illegal" act. In *The Arms Race to Armageddon*, the Generals for Peace and Disarmament bring forth a realistic point about East–West negotiations: "Americans and Russians must negotiate with urgency and good faith and, at the same time, show restraint in weapons programs. We must continue to call for concrete evidence that the negotiations, as well as new weapons programs, are consistent with agreed principle."

*Steven C. Moles*
*University of Illinois*
*Chicago, Ill.*

### *Dukakis Is Not Ceausescu*

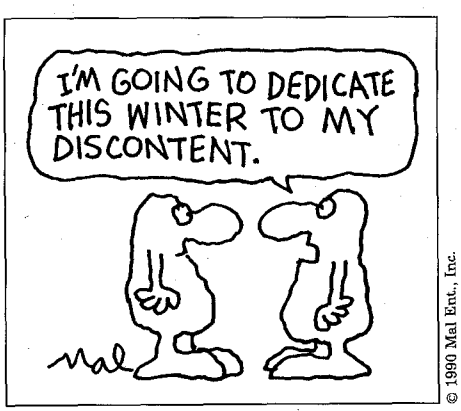
We were appalled to see that you equate Mr. and Mrs. Dukakis with the Rumanian dictator and his wife ["The Week," Jan. 22]. Mr. Dukakis may or may not be a socialist, but he is hardly a despot, and Mrs. Dukakis is more to be pitied than branded as insufferable. An item such as this is an ill beginning to the first issue of a new decade. Such unkind remarks do not become America's premier conservative journal of opinion.

*Harry and Beverly Fritchman*
*Boise, Idaho*

*We received a number of letters from readers who share the view of Mr. and Mrs. Fritchman. These views are shared by some of our own editors. The objective was, of course, humor; sometimes, humor misses.*
—WFB

### *Border Disputes*

I could not help but respond to the shocking article, "Solving the Rumanian Problem" [Dec. 31]. Could it be true that it takes a whole page of explanations and excuses in order to conclude in the last paragraph that "the American, Soviet, and European governments . . . remove the rulers of Rumania . . . adjust . . . the border in Hungary's favor . . . [and] the law is an international ass"? Could this be truly "A Modest Proposal"? And if the author, Christie Davies, wants an adjustment of the Rumanian–Hungarian border in Hungary's favor, then this is not for the good of the Rumanian people, but for the glory of the old Hungarian Empire. Of course, it is easier if the "Anglo-American naval units [are] prepared for offensive operations . . ." and neighboring countries "are mobilized" to achieve Hungary's irredentist dream. Why not let someone else do the fighting for them?



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Mr. Davies had a good excuse too, that of getting rid of Ceausescu's regime. Too bad he fell in the recent revolution in Rumania. Now Mr. Davies is back to the drawing board. I am sure he will find another good excuse in order to achieve a change in borders. Of course, a few lies would help, like "in Transylvania, where a compact ethnic minority of several million Hungarians . . ." Who cares that there are only 1.6 million Hungarians in the whole of Rumania's 23 million people, or that Transylvania has a population of over seven million, when in the author's own words: "the law is an international ass"! Of course, one must claim "the Rumanian government's persecution of the Transylvanian Magyars." After all, didn't Hitler take the Czech Sudetenland on the false pretext that the German minority there was being mistreated? But why all these false pretenses? Why does the author have to hide his real intentions till the last paragraph? He should have the courage of his convictions and say what he wants: Transylvania for the Hungarians! The author will still be wrong in my opinion, but at least he'll save his honor.

*Radu M. Theodoru, MD*
*Maywood, N.J.*

*Dr. Theodoru is wrong in accusing me of being a Hungarian irredentist. I have made no claim for the restoration of Southern Slovakia, the Banat, or the Burgenland to Hungary despite the considerable Hungarian minorities there. The case in Transylvania was different because of the specifically ethnic persecution of the Magyars living there by Ceausescu. If a newly democratic Rumania is willing to grant its Hungarians individual rights and a degree of political autonomy in that part of Transylvania where they live then I am satisfied. At the same time, as we can see from the troubles in Serbia, Kosovo, Azerbaidzhan–Armenia or even Eire–Northern Ireland, the problems created when an ethnic minority finds itself on the wrong side of a political boundary cannot be resolved by declaring a country's borders immutable.*
—CD



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## FROM THE EDITOR

# Justice Goes Begging

■ It had to happen.

A federal judge in New York has found that begging is a "free speech" right protected by the First Amendment.

And in that eerie way in which real life comes increasingly to resemble satire, the judge in question is Judge Leonard Sand, the liberal hero who imposed $500-a-day fines on the Yonkers councilmen to compel them to vote as he instructed (namely to build low-income housing in a blue-collar middle-class area), who himself lives in a more affluent district unthreatened by federal judges, and who is married to a member of the Sulzberger clan, owners of the *New York Times*. O happy perfection of coincidence! It is at times like this that I almost wish I were a conspiracy theorist.

But let us review the facts of the case. New York's Metropolitan Transportation Authority had banned panhandling in the subways to attract more passengers. The subways, indeed, show a general improvement in cleanliness and efficiency following a five-year program of expenditure. They were becoming habitable again. So Judge Sand struck before it was too late.

He did so, moreover, only days after Mr. Rodney Sumter, who was waiting with his three-year-old son for a train, was attacked by a homeless man on the platform and, in the ensuing struggle, killed him. Mr. Sumter now faces a manslaughter charge. But if Judge Sand's "begging" decision had been law at the time Mr. Sumter was attacked, he might also have found himself facing a federal charge of violating his attacker's First Amendment rights.

What kind of legal reasoning could produce such absurdities? "While often alarming and sometimes disturbingly graphic," said Judge Sand, "begging is unmistakably informative and persuasive speech." Begging is not, of course, solely speech, but a composite action which includes speech and, among other things, harassment. It therefore lies outside the First Amendment.

But let us humor Judge Sand and reduce begging to speech. We must still ask: What kind of speech? What is the information that, according to Judge Sand, begging conveys? That the beggar is poor, perhaps? Not so. Since many beggars are frauds with adequate funds, we have no reason to assume that any particular beggar is poor. As for its being "persuasive," that persuasion consists mainly of an implied threat of violence if a donation is not given. It is thus not so much "free speech" as blackmail. Is blackmail a right protected by the First Amendment? Oh dear, even to ask Judge Sand a question like that is to take a terrible risk with the Constitution.

In those few cases where begging is a simple request for money, neither supported by intimidation nor vitiated by fraud, then it might just come into the category of "commercial speech." But that speech does not enjoy the full protection of the First Amemdment; government may regulate it in the public interest. And since it is plainly in the public interest that the public should not be subjected to unwelcome intrusion as it travels about the city, the MTA is well within its rights to ban begging in the subway.

The law, then, properly interpreted, is not an ass. And the learned judge? Well, he at least possesses the gift of foresight. If he has all along intended to impose such legal absurdities on the citizens of New York, then marrying a Sulzberger was a prudent precaution.

■ Vladimir Bukovsky, visiting the U.S. to promote the National Council to Support Democracy Movements in the USSR (a project of the American Foundation for Resistance International), tells me of the moment when he knew Soviet Communism was doomed. A Soviet magazine telephoned to say it was serializing his book *To Build a Castle*.

"But won't the KGB ban it?"

"I hope so," replied the editor. "That would be great publicity."

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN



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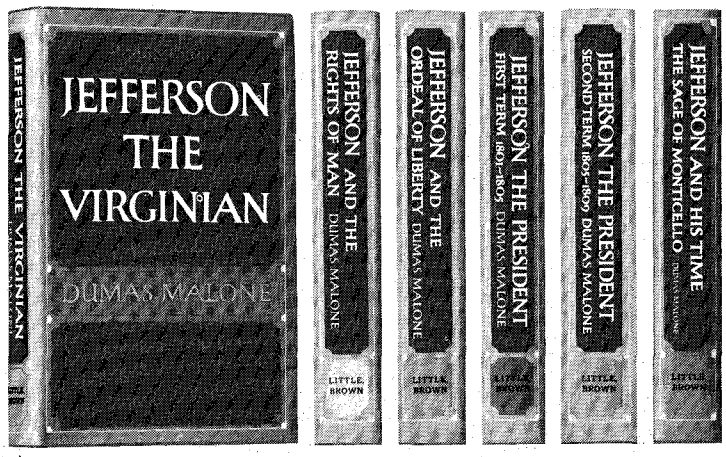
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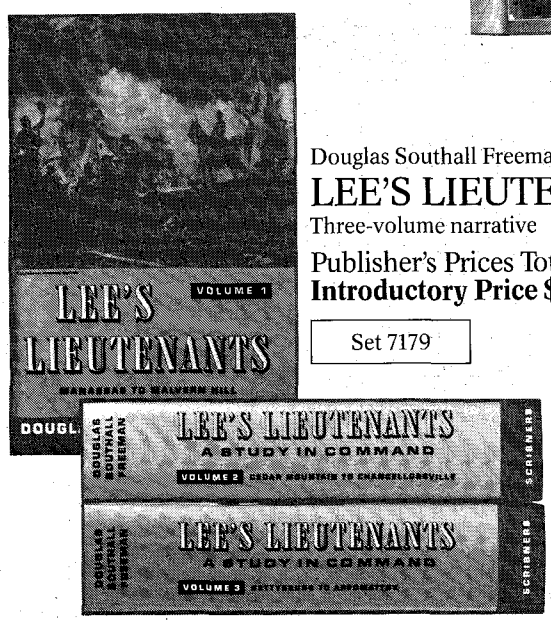


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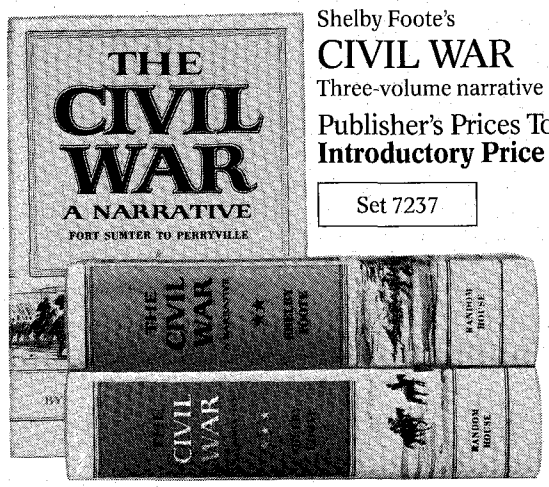


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# ON THE RECORD

■ Popular Front of Latvia hopes for independence from Soviet Union within five years, thinks it may see "transitional period" earlier. According to *Chicago Latvian Newsletter*, 64 per cent of Latvia's ethnic Russians and 57 per cent of other non-Latvians support the Popular Front. Which gives hope to **Vladien Dozortsev**, Russian member of Popular Front, who said recently, "We cannot struggle for the independence of Latvia with only half the population." . . . In Yugoslavia, thousands of ethnic Albanians fought with police in Kosovo demanding that the Communist authorities lift state of emergency and hold free elections. . . . Last week, **Joszef Orosz**, a Hungarian journalist in Albania, the one remaining hardline European state yet to fall, reported hearing gunfire in the outskirts of Tirana; there have been unconfirmed reports of security crackdown. . . . Anxiety for free elections and eroding confidence in present government has led East Germany to move elections from May to March. . . . In Poland, Communist Party voted to disband itself after 45 years in power. **Zbigniew Jarecki**, delegate from Gdansk, said: "It will take years to rebuild our credibility."

■ In Georgia, U.S.A., State Sen. **Roy Barnes** said it straight out. If Atlanta Mayor **Andrew Young** (who is black) is nominated for governor, his white Republican opponent **John Isakson** will win. Barnes is running against Young in primary. . . . In California, **Ron Kovic**, character portrayed by Tom Cruise in Oliver Stone's *Born on the Fourth of July*, is being urged to oppose conservative Rep. **Bob Dornan** (R.). . . . North Carolina Democrats having hard time finding big-time candidate to oppose conservative Sen. **Jesse Helms**, perhaps because, as former Assistant Secretary of State **Rich Williamson** said about Helms in another context, "Jesse is the skunk in the garden party, and he doesn't mind it one bit." . . . In Alabama, **Howell Heflin** (D.) is facing tough race from GOP State Sen. **Bill Cabiniss**. . . . In Iowa, **Tom Tauke** is putting up a strong fight against incumbent Sen. **Tom Harkin** (D.). According to *Des Moines Register* poll, Harkin leads his Republican challenger 50 to 36 per cent, but Tauke's support is strong and growing. . . . Republican **Bill Schuette** is strengthening his organization and warchest to fight Democratic Sen. **Carl Levin** (D., Mich.). But Schuette faces tough primary battle from former Legal Services administrator **Clark Durant**. . . . In Illinois, Rep. **Lynn Martin**, though still a long way from victory, is gaining ground on Democratic freshman Sen. **Paul Simon**. . . . *The Busby Papers* reports that after the 1990 census, California, Texas, and Florida combined may have about one-fourth of House seats. . . . And a couple of political sidebars. Rep. **Marvin Leath** (D., Tex.) has, as the headline writer put it, decided to "take the money and run." Leath will not stand for re-election so he can take a $487,535 in campaign surplus funds with him into retirement. That loophole was closed after this year in the House pay-raise legislation. . . . Also in Texas, **George A. Mallick**, the Fort Worth entrepreneur who once hired **Jim Wright**'s wife, has filed for bankruptcy. . . . *San Francisco Chronicle* reports that the largest organization on the radical-Left Berkeley campus is Berkeley College Republicans. Says its president, **Jonathan Gear**, "Being in Berkeley, we can see socialism in action and that makes recruiting easy."

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*"One cry of* 'Ein Volk, ein Reich, ein Fuhrer' *and we're in trouble."*

■ **Free the Fathers**, organization set up to free imprisoned clergymen in totalitarian countries, reports that state police in Peking arrested dozens of Roman Catholic priests during the December visit of National Security Advisor **Brent Scowcroft**. Organization president **John Davies** urges President **Bush** to halt loan and trade agreements with China. Davies says: "It is a gross insult . . . [that] . . . on a peacekeeping mission . . . the Chinese turn around and jail priests while they're wining and dining Scowcroft." . . . In Colombia, government troops discovered a gallows with a hangman's rope on ranch of a member of the Medellín drug cartel.

■ One, two, and three in *Good Housekeeping* "Most Admired Women" poll are **Barbara Bush**, **Mother Teresa**, and **Margaret Thatcher**. **Pat Nixon** finished sixth. . . . Former director of USIA and second ambassador to Holy See **Frank Shakespeare** was given "Foreign Affairs Award for Public Service," the State Department's highest award for a non-career diplomat. . . . "In Celebration of Permanent Things" pays tribute to the writing of **C. S. Lewis**, **G. K. Chesterton**, **Dorothy Sayers**, **T. S. Eliot**, **Hilaire Belloc**, **W. H. Auden**, **Evelyn Waugh**, and others. Keynote speaker for the June 26–June 30 event, sponsored by Seattle Pacific University, Seattle University, and Intercollegiate Studies Institute, is **Russell Kirk**. Feb. 15 is deadline for submission of scholarly papers. For information, contact **Michael MacDonald**, School of Humanities, Seattle Pacific University, Seattle, Wash. 98119, 206-281-2209.

■ JUSTICE MADE FUN: From the *Book of Legal Anecdotes* (Facts on File). Defendant convicted of murder before Judge **Harold H. Burton**, giving last words before sentencing: "As God is my judge, I didn't do it. I'm not guilty." Judge Burton replied: "He isn't, I am. You did. You are."



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# THE WEEK

■ Marion Barry was telling the truth when he said, "We are winning the war on drugs." His side *is* winning.

■ Robert Caro's most recent dissection of Lyndon Johnson, serialized in *The New Yorker*, makes us hope that anything bad we may ever do never comes to his attention. The most recent offering covers Johnson's first successful Senate campaign in 1948, in which he lied right and left, remade his political profile (from New Dealer to union basher), and bought Mexican-American voters like bolts of cloth. Maybe Bill Moyers can narrate the TV version.

■ We wonder what ethics investigators would do if they found any.

■ President Bush wants to spend $1.1 billion more on the war against drugs. The effort so far has made progress, he says, an opinion in which William Bennett joins him. The most dramatic achievements—major drug seizures and prosecutions at home, crackdowns on the Medellín cartel and Noriega abroad—fall under the heading of enforcement, and the Bush plan, playing to strength, directs most of the new money there. Other victories are more in the mind's eye. Cocaine use in the middle class is declining, but that was going on before Washington felt it necessary to have a czar; it probably reflects the fashion swings in drug use mentioned by Michael Gazzaniga ("The Federal Drugstore," *NR*, Feb. 5). The country is still a long way from considering the question raised by William F. Buckley Jr. elsewhere in this issue (see "Agenda for the Nineties," p. 34), whether illegalization is the best way of fighting addiction's malign effects. Oh yes—Joe Biden wants to spend $4 billion more than Bush.

■ Jailed for the fourth time for obstructing an abortion clinic, New York's Auxiliary Bishop Austin Vaughan told an interviewer from the *New York Post* that, in his opinion, a Catholic politician who takes the pro-abortion position of Governor Mario Cuomo "takes a very serious risk of going straight to hell." The entire front page of the next day's *Post* carried the jumbo headline "Jailed Bishop to Cuomo: YOU'RE RISKING HELL." Cuomo replied: "He has a perfect right to curse you to hell, ugly as that is." The governor, renowned for his attention to nuance, somehow managed to construe an admonition as a curse. Bishop Vaughan is trying to save him from hell, not send him there. In our opinion, the bishop has his work cut out for him.

■ Meanwhile, Lee Atwater managed to avoid a fight on abortion at the midwinter meeting of the Republican National Committee in Washington; a motion to reaffirm the anti-abortion position of the 1988 platform was ruled out of order on a technicality. Pro-abortion Republicans will be running for governor or senator in Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and California this year, and the GOP, it is being said on every side, is a "big tent." Of course, it was always a "big tent." Pro-abortion Republicans ran, and won, throughout the Eighties (Lynn Martin and Claudine Schneider, two of those hoping to go on to higher things, have been serving in the House). The impulse to talk about bigtentedness, though, has a political purpose, which is to shove the party, however marginally, away from its past position. Atwater knows what happens to individual politicians who trim their sails, and in the last few months he has spoken out forcefully for personal consistency. But what about parties that waffle? Whom are the Whigs running in Rhode Island this year?

■ What is the largest law firm in New York City, handling roughly 60 per cent of all criminal cases? Dewey, Ballantine? No. Shearman Sterling? No. Try the government-funded Legal Aid Society established in response to a 1963 Supreme Court ruling that an attorney must be provided for those unable to afford one themselves. The *New York Post* reports that in only 10 per cent of all criminal cases in the city is the lawyer paid by the defendant; the rest are on the taxpayer. Legal Aid has a $102-million annual budget supporting some one thousand full-time lawyers who handled 226,000 cases last year. The defendants in many of these cases are drug dealers with four-figure "off the record" weekly incomes enabling them to lay down large amounts for bail while being defended gratis by capable lawyers. "The way the system exists, it is perpetuating the drug business," the *Post* quotes Bronx Criminal Court Judge Gerald Sheindlin. "The city is paying for them to have an attorney to get back out on the street." To be fair, they're probably paying their way with contributions to the ACLU.

■ This week the rebellion against Stalinist rule hit Albania and Mongolia. That leaves, let's see, just Nicaragua, Cuba, Vietnam, China, North Korea, and Congress.

■ Now that Communism has been abolished, Rumania is being ruled by . . . well, Communists. The nominal leadership is the National Salvation Front, but its vice president, Dumitru Mazilu, has resigned in pro-



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test against the continuation of "Stalinist practices." Public protest has been banned (but occurs anyway). The rulers blame discontent on "foreign elements" and "bands of hooligans." In a country that has required that typewriters be registered with the state, grassroots protest lacks even the most basic raw materials of communication. Freedom-seeking Rumanians are appealing to the West for such items as paper, copying machines, personal computers, VCRs, video cameras, and videotapes. The Students' League of Rumania has bravely relayed its urgent request through Congressman Frank Wolf (R., Va.). A parallel situation exists in Bulgaria, where post-Communism is turning out to have startling resemblances to Communism. Stay tuned.

■ But nothing good is happening as regards Hong Kong, which will revert to Red China in 1997. The mainland regime has drafted a Basic Law that would limit to 18 the number of elected seats in Hong Kong's sixty-member legislature (the elected number rising to thirty by 2003) which means that the rest would be Peking puppets. What this means is that the thugocracy in Peking is determined to bring Hong Kong under its totalitarian rule, whatever the economic consequences. Peking has also issued thinly veiled warnings of reprisals against Britain if Parliament grants permanent-resident rights to 225,000 immigrants. It won't do much good to send Scowcroft and Eagleburger to straighten things out. The Bush Administration might consider opening our own doors to any Hong Kong residents who desire freedom. Does anyone doubt that such immigrants would rejuvenate the inner city?

■ As if there weren't reason enough to condemn the Sandinistas, the Anti-Defamation League has come up with one which may make Ortega & Co. repulsive even to those still drawn by their rugged charm. An ADL spokesman said last week that "the Sandinistas have demonstrated once again that, despite repeated denials by their supporters, anti-Semitism periodically surfaces in Sandinista public statements and actions and reflects an anti-Jewish and anti-Israel element of their ideology." The reference is to an article in *Barricada*, the Sandinista newspaper, which described the method by which the U.S. Congress manages the taxpayers' money as "the traditional 'Jew style.' " What the writer *meant* is not clear; what he hoped to suggest is all too clear.

■ For about one hundred years the historicity of Biblical narrative has been widely doubted by scholars of the texts. All sorts of theories have been advanced, starting from the assumption that we cannot get "behind the text" to historical truth. Archaeology has been telling a different story. For example, archaeologists now have explored the tenth-century-B.C. city of King David, which lies just south of the Old City of Jerusalem. Inscriptions and other evidence uncovered there support much Biblical history, including accounts of relatively minor figures. A layer of ash remains from the destruction of the First Temple by invaders in 586 B.C. It is becoming clear that the authors of the Bible were historians and not mythmakers. Heinrich Schliemann, who dug up ancient Troy a century ago, would not have been surprised.

■ The town of Fairfield, Connecticut, has been riven by an interesting controversy over the placement of religious symbols on public property during the holiday season, one selectman arguing that "both [the] crèche and the menorah spoil the spirit of the holidays." We could settle this never-ending fight by the simple measure of abolishing public property.

■ SOCIAL NOTES: In what was billed as an "Anti- Wedding," the bride wore black as did the bridesmaids, the best man was a woman, the father of the bride wore a sweater, the groom was barely persuaded to wear a suit and has hair two and a half feet long, the flower girl was a man, the band played "destructo-rock," and the ceremonies were held in a nightclub located in a former warehouse. "This was definitely a first for me," said the Methodist minister who presided.

■ "THE FLOURIDE RISK: EVIDENCE OF LINK TO CANCER." — *Newsweek* headline, February 5. Somebody owes an apology to little old ladies in tennis shoes.

### *Senator Moynihan's Bomb*

The little FICA figure that
Leaves everybody's check so flat
Is simply taxes we remit
Toward working down the deficit.

W. H. VON DREELE

## Mr. Gorbachev's Crisis

THE BUSH ADMINISTRATION has made it clear that it supports, regretfully, the Soviet attempt to restore Russian rule in Azerbaidzhan by force. This is a mistake, on at least three counts. First, we do not know (and we suspect the Administration does not either) how force has been used there. The last time the Red Army tried to put down a major ethnic riot in Georgia it did so with poison gas—hardly the kind of tactic we wish to see covered by a blanket endorsement in the name of law and order. Second, we are tacitly agreeing to a nasty precedent, namely, the massive and possibly indiscriminate use of force to put down



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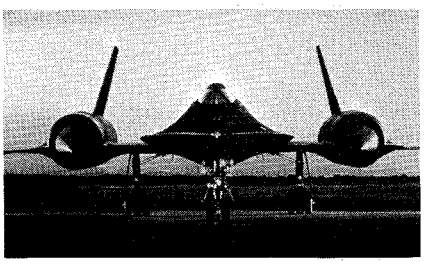

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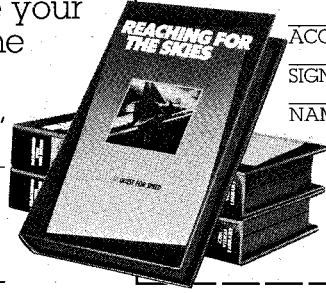


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anti-Russian nationalism. Will we really want to be bound by that precedent in the event of similar phenomena in the Baltic republics, or even Eastern Europe? Third, we have put out an implicit message that although Europeans such as Balts, Magyars, Czechs, and the rest merit freedom, the same is not true of Moslems. Gorbachev may have had no choice but to come down hard on the Azerbaidzhanis—and we certainly hope that the Armenians, who have suffered more than most peoples, can be protected from their neighbors—but that does not mean that our government had to endorse this latest crackdown.

The irony of it all is that its critics have faulted the Bush Administration for saying and doing too little about the upheavals in Eastern Europe, yet here is a case (Secretary Baker's support for a potential Soviet invasion of Rumania during that country's brief civil war was another) where saying less would have been just fine. It would have been perfectly appropriate for the Administration to content itself with a remark along the lines of, "We regret all loss of life in these disturbances." Instead, it is trying to bolster Gorbachev's position, hoping that somehow he will keep the Soviet Union a going concern. It is not clear how much soft words could ever affect any Soviet leader's position, and now they are of less value than ever, for a vast, and some may feel frightening, historical change has begun to unfold. Azerbaidzhan will come to be seen—like the invasion of Afghanistan and the Chernobyl disaster—as one more ghastly milestone on the Soviet Union's path to disaster.

All of which points to a second irony. At the same time that the Administration has been saying too much to the Soviets it has been saying too little to itself and to the American people. Early in the Administration, Secretary Baker succeeded in establishing the line on these matters: officials might worry about Gorbachev's prospects privately, but they were not to say so publicly. In one well-known episode Baker squelched a speech by Deputy National Security Advisor and former Deputy Director of Central Intelligence Robert Gates, a Sovietologist by training, who wanted to raise just those kinds of concerns. He should have been allowed to do so. The future of the Soviet empire is the central problem of our foreign policy, and it raises a host of new and disturbing questions about what we should be doing. The Baker position is a troubling denial of reality. Sooner or later we will have to confront a particularly uncomfortable and even dangerous problem: How will we manage the Soviet empire thrashing about in its death agony?

We may, indeed, have to confront it sooner rather than later. The Soviet Union is edging ever closer to the point where the "revolution from below"—originally encouraged by Mikhail Gorbachev as a means of putting pressure on middle-level functionaries—slips once and for all beyond his control. In a country once completely organized from the top, in which any autonomous social organization was automatically repressed, there now exist social movements capable of defying the Party.

The Kremlin faces demands for independence in the wide arc of national republics from Azerbaidzhan, through the Western Ukraine and Moldavia, to the Baltics. In addition to this nationalities crisis, it also faces an economic crisis (with anti-colonial overtones) in Russia itself. In their drive to maintain a monolithic Party state on top of a diverse and restless population, the Soviet authorities have long resorted to national discrimination in some areas and economic discrimination in others. Economic discrimination was the lot of certain regions in Russia and Siberia which were exploited for their industrial products and raw materials and given the bare minimum in health care, education, and food. These areas too are now organized; for instance, in the Kuzbass region of western Siberia, the coal miners and workers in heavy industry are prepared for a new round of strikes this spring if there is no movement toward meeting their demands for economic independence.

Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that there should be signs of disarray in the Politburo, whose members failed to agree on Gorbachev's ostensible plan for Party democratization and postponed a Central Committee plenum. There are even rumors that Gorbachev may resign as general secretary, whether from weakness or to "distance" the government from the Party. But Gorbachev seems less at stake than "Gorbachevism"— the idea that by loosening control, it is possible to induce people to work harder in a totalitarian structure preserved essentially intact.

Both the imperial framework of the Soviet Union, which subjects people as disparate as Uzbeks and Estonians to a dying ideology, and the planning system, which, supplanting normal market relations, exploits some re-

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*"I'm 55 years old, with a wife, three kids, and a mother to support, plus rent and car payments, and all I know how to do is torture people!"*



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gions mercilessly for the benefit of others, are incompatible with the rising political consciousness under *glasnost*. That consciousness now threatens, in Marx's words, to "burst them asunder."

For the moment, the Soviet authorities are seeking to conciliate the nationalists in Azerbaidzhan as they have sought to conciliate nationalists in the Baltics and coal miners in the Kuzbass. Such attempts at peace making, however, are unlikely to work in the long run. The Soviet regime can accommodate the new power from below only if it parts with its most sacred dogmas, including, among others, the idea that socialism is a substitute for the national heritage, and the ban on private property.

Whether Gorbachev is the man to cross this ideological Rubicon is extremely doubtful. But if he does decide that not just the repressive practices of Soviet society but also its institutional framework have to go, he could end up deserving some of the praise which has been lavished on him so uncritically.

## Fiscal Timidity

THE PRESS is hoping for some particularly nasty gamesmanship in the budget battle this year. If the White House were to play its cards right, it could pick up all the chips. Yet the Administration is not acting as if it has the winning hand.

First, there is Gramm–Rudman's mandate for a $64-billion deficit, down $36.5 billion from Fiscal Year 1990. The President has already shown his willingness to accept Gramm–Rudman's automatic spending cuts. The more Congress pushes for even deeper cuts in defense than the Administration's planned 2.1 per cent, the less reason the White House has to negotiate away anything simply to avoid "sequestration." If defense is going to be slashed anyway, the burden of sequestration would mainly fall on non-defense outlays. The only joker in this deck is that if economic growth were to fall below 1 per cent in the first quarter of this year, following the weak fourth quarter of last year, then Gramm–Rudman would be suspended and Congress let off the hook.

Second, it should be easy to call Senator Moynihan's bluff over the Social Security tax cut. The story is being played as cuts in Social Security taxes for the average working man *versus* cuts in capital-gains taxes for "the rich." But, of course, the proposed cuts in payroll taxes would slash federal revenues by at least $55 billion in the first year and by increasing amounts in the future. Lower capital-gains-tax rates, by contrast, would clearly *increase* annual revenues by at least $5 billion for a few years and, according to some estimates, possibly as much as $20 billion. Senator Moynihan doesn't say how he would come up with an extra $55 billion. But it is abundantly clear that surtaxes on the affluent couldn't raise more than 10 per cent of that sum, and even that would be at the expense of slower growth and bigger deficits in the future. Some Democrats see this as a way to entice unsuspecting voters to tolerate an ever-increasing value-added tax, but that idea would quickly prove as unpopular as it was in Japan and Canada.

Third, since representatives and one-third of senators are up for election this year, while a popular President is not, Democratic congressmen bear most of the risks of obstructing sensible budget savings or proposing scary cuts in Social Security receipts.

With all these advantages, the Administration has already given away too much on capital gains. The proposal to exclude merely 10 per cent of gains on assets held for less than two years is extremely disappointing. Many couples in New York or California would still face a brutal 35 per cent tax rate on the sale of assets held for nearly two years. The Administration's surprisingly timid tax relief has been rumored since early January. It has already created a slump in the values of stocks, bonds, real estate, and the dollar, just as a breakdown of the capital-gains proposal did after October 13, 1989. By reducing expected after-tax wealth, such a half-hearted capital-gains bill also threatens to undermine the health of the economy. The *Wall Street Journal* has been echoing the Democrats' theme that pushing a cut in capital gains causes "bad feelings" in Congress. It should instead cause bad feelings in the White House, since sneaky parliamentary maneuvering deprived the President of a bill which had both his mandate and a majority vote in both Houses. Instead of giving in without a fight, Republicans must press for a much stronger capital-gains bill, and for serious spending cuts, and just let liberal Democratic obstructionists take their beating in November.

## Lies, Damned Lies, and Social Science

THIS UNHOLY TRIO makes endless mischief in education. The latest outrage is a "study" by a left-tilting "think-tank" that purports to show that "U.S. schools are under-funded compared to those in other industrialized countries," and that assertions to the contrary by the Reagan and Bush Administrations should accordingly be scorned.

This document won instant plaudits from House Education Committee Chairman Augustus Hawkins and teachers'-union chieftain Albert Shanker. It evoked pious indignation from columnists William Raspberry and David Broder. You could practically feel the education establishment wriggling with satisfaction. Here was "scholarly" support for self-interest, "objective" grounds for demanding more money (and explaining



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## RIGHT DATA

# Time Bombs

CONTINUED ECONOMIC growth and falling interest rates have brought a sort of fiscal nirvana to Washington, with talk of a "peace dividend" heard on both sides of the aisle. Yet the potential for unpleasant surprises, *à la* the S&L fiasco, is greater now than ever before:

1. *The Pension Benefit Guarantee Corporation* (potential federal liability: $2.0 trillion). This shadowy government corporation insures the private pension benefits of 66 million Americans, taking over if employers cannot meet their pension obligations. In theory such pension plans are required to police themselves by undergoing periodic outside audits, but in November the General Accounting Office reported that nearly half of the plans it surveyed had never been audited, and that 43 per cent of the pension-plan assets involved were officially unaccounted for. The corporation's potential exposure is greater than that of the Social Security Trust Fund and the savings and loan industry combined.

2. *Federal Mortgage Insurance* (potential federal liability: $0.9 trillion). During the Eighties the share of mortgages directly held by federal agencies rose from 17 per cent to 29 per cent. (This is over and above the 49 per cent of all mortgages currently held by S&Ls and commercial banks where deposits are federally insured.) Unfortunately, while the government acted to shore up the private thrift industry, its own mortgage agencies were allowed to deteriorate. Technically they are insolvent. Mortgage defaults, which in the case of the Federal Housing Administration (FHA) went from $2.6 billion in 1986 to an estimated $6.7 billion in 1989, have long since overwhelmed their cash reserves. And a bill sponsored by Senators D'Amato and Cranston would aggravate the situation by lowering the required down payment on FHA-insured mortgages to 1 per cent from the already far too low 3 to 5 per cent, while simultaneously increasing the loan limit from $101,250 to as much as $190,000 in some sections of the country.

3. *Federal Pensions* (potential federal liability: $0.8 trillion). Imagine the condition of the Social Security Trust Fund a few decades hence if it hadn't accumulated a surplus to help pay for future benefits. That is exactly what awaits the Civil Service and Military Retirement Systems, where benefits will exceed income by a combined $775 billion (in 1988 dollars) over the next forty years. Of course, many believe that there is no real need to fund these liabilities now. After all, the Federal Government—unlike a private company, where such underfunding would be illegal—is never going to go out of business. Six years ago the Grace Commission warned that to amortize the unfunded liability of the Civil Service Pension System would require setting aside an amount equal to 85 per cent of the federal payroll for each of the next forty years, compared to the 30 per cent of payroll spent on pensions now.

4. *Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation* (FDIC) (potential federal liability: $1.7 trillion). In 1988 the FDIC registered its first loss—$4.2 billion—which reduced its reserves to $14.1 billion, the lowest level it has ever been at relative to insured deposits. Meanwhile, the commercial banks the FDIC insures have devoted increasing shares of their loans to real-estate and corporate-takeover ("junk bond") ventures. Ironically, therefore, the S&L bailout exacerbates the problem faced by commercial banks, since much of the property owned by insolvent thrifts will be auctioned off over the next few years, keeping real-estate prices depressed.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

away those pesky test scores), and a "respectable" way of getting back at those analysts and public officials who have been asserting that what ails American education is not a shortage of resources but a dearth of results.

The study—its actual caption is "Briefing Paper"—was written by two staffers at the Economic Policy Institute, one of a zillion Washington outfits that mask their political and policy agendas under a veneer of social science. This one was founded a few years back by liberal economists such as Lester Thurow and Robert Reich. It has no love for Republicans, especially conservative Republicans. So far as we know, this was its first venture into the murky waters of comparative education finance.

The product is gravely flawed on three counts.

First, international education data are notoriously unreliable, nowhere more so than in the financial domain. Countries do not use the same categories and definitions, nor keep their books in kindred fashion. The international agencies that compile these numbers don't go to the considerable pains that would be required to standardize them—especially in the case of UNESCO, that Paris-based hotbed of intrigue and politics so discredited that we pulled out several years ago. Yet it is UNESCO's statistics that the EPI authors used. Smart thinking, boys.

Second, some exceedingly dubious assumptions were made about how to gauge school spending. The most obvious and appropriate measure is dollars (marks, yen, whatever) per pupil. By that calculus, the United States ranks near the top. (When higher education is included with primary/secondary, we rank *at* the top.) The folks at EPI wanted to reach a different conclu-



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sion, though, so they opted for school spending as a proportion of national income. This and other machinations yielded the desired result: a lot of other industrial nations can be shown to spend more than the United States. Conveniently overlooked is the immense size of our national income. There are scads of specific goods and services on which we spend smaller fractions of it than other countries. That doesn't mean we spend too little. This, and other peculiar analytic processes and misleading representations, led the Education Department to declare that EPI had mixed "apples, oranges, and moonbeams."

Third, and much the most pernicious, the study comforts defenders of the most discredited notion in all education, one that has been on the run at least since James Coleman's famous 1966 study and given the lie by myriad honest analyses (perhaps most notably in the work of the University of Rochester's Eric Hanushek), but that neither the education establishment nor the Democratic Party will surrender: the proposition that the proper way to judge schools is in terms of their input and resources, even though we know these bear no reliable relationship to their results. The United States has increased per-pupil spending by 29 per cent in real terms since Reagan and Bush were elected in 1980. This year our public schools enjoy budgets that exceed $5,000 per student—in the vicinity of $125,000 per classroom. We aren't getting our money's worth, and spending more won't fix what ails the system. A thousand spurious studies won't alter that reality—but mischievous efforts such as EPI's will retard the push to make real reforms.

## Who Runs Our China Policy?

THANKS TO the kindness of four Republican senators, George Bush retained the right to make the nation's foreign policy.

In the wake of the Tiananmen Square massacre—the revolution of 1989 that failed—Congress proposed to pass legislation enabling Chinese students in this country to stay on after their visas had expired, so as to avoid the reprisals of vengeful tyrants at home. The President approved the goal, but insisted the proper way to accomplish it was through executive order, which he proceeded to issue. Peking, he said, claiming long experience of its inscrutable ways, could live with an executive order, but not with a full-fledged law. Congress said phooey and went ahead. The House overrode President Bush's veto; the Senate sustained it, barely.

It would be unjust to accuse Bush of a lack of concern for the students' fate, and his argument has a certain plausibility. And at the same time, Washington policymakers have shown entirely too much concern for helping the Chinese to save face over the last 15 years.

Still, foreign policy is better conducted by one man than by 535. That's one of the reasons we have a President, and Congress needs a grave justification for overriding him. Forcing him by law to do what he has already done by executive order does not fall under the description of a grave reason. Congratulations, Mr. Bush. Just put your power to better use next time.

### *When Empires Decline*

The British sent the Queen, who danced
With Hindu and Malay;
De Gaulle declared he "understood,"
Then waved the wogs away;
The Portuguese held on beyond
The limits of good taste;
The Russians choose to use the knout
While looking pasty-faced.

W. H. VON DREELE

## After Barry—the Deluge?

MARION BARRY'S FALL came suddenly, except that it hasn't quite happened yet. He's still officially mayor of Washington, though he's currently in a drug-treatment center in Florida [see also "Off the Record," p. 64].

Trapped in a hotel room smoking crack with two women, neither of whom was Mrs. Barry, the mayor gave his city the kind of scandal it loves. Appearing in church the next Sunday, he expressed remorse, of a sort: "I have had to look at my human weaknesses straight in the eye, had to realize that I have spent so much time caring about and worrying about doing for others, I have not worried about or cared for myself." Mother Teresa has the same problem.

But Barry's drug and sex antics may turn out to be only the beginning. Like the Watergate burglary, his arrest will give prosecutors the leverage to pry open the inner workings of an administration whose vulnerabilities have already resulted in corruption convictions of a dozen of Barry's associates. Barry and his cronies have lost control of access to potentially damaging information. The city's overloaded bureaucracy (one in six Washingtonians is employed by the city itself) is rumored to be as corrupt as it is dysfunctional. As targets of investigation turn state's evidence to save their own skins and reduce their sentences, tales of bribery, extortion, embezzlement, and conflict of interest will come pouring out, providing a spectacular view of how the city has been secretly operating during the Barry years.



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The idea of Jesse Jackson replacing Barry as mayor isn't serious. What Washington needs is not rhetorical "leadership"—Barry himself provided plenty of that—but honest and competent management. Execrating racism and passing new civil-rights laws isn't going to balance the books, fill the potholes, or cut the murder rate. Washington could use fewer messiahs and more little men with green eyeshades.

## Nuclear Thaw

BEGINNING IN 1983, much was heard about the likelihood of a "nuclear winter" if large-scale nuclear war should ever break out. According to this notion, which was advanced by various "scientific spokesmen," vast clouds of waste material would block the sun's rays; the extreme formulations asserted that this would lead to human extinction.

Many of those who earlier propagated this view have now pulled back. Climatologists and astrophysicists have been re-examining the nuclear-winter hypothesis, and the consensus, expressed in conferences and articles, has now shifted against any extreme scenario. The estimates now seem to converge on a lowering of the global temperature by about ten degrees.

Related to the earlier wild speculation about a nuclear winter was another theory, now largely discredited, to the effect that the dinosaurs died because a large meteor hit the earth, filling the air with debris; as the sun's rays were blocked, the reptiles froze. The evidence that has emerged against this is compelling. The dinosaurs became extinct over too long a period of time for the theory that this was a preview of nuclear winter to be plausible.

Which leads us to a reflection on "science" and what it allegedly "says." Even the educated public has little idea of what real science actually is, and what its limits are. It is a method that involves precise measurement, careful observation, analysis, and repeatable experimentation. The assertions of a scientist must be subject to refutation. If they are in some realm beyond refutation they are meaningless from a scientific point of view.

Science has always been politicized to some degree, but quite possibly never more so than in our own day. In the instance of nuclear winter and the dinosaur theory, an educated guess would be that the "scientists" were more moved by the vast and emotional campaign against the deployment of the Pershing II missile than by anything that can properly be called science.

Beware, then, when "spokesmen" for "science" make spectacular speculative claims, whether about the ozone layer or about oat bran. Real science is not where Barnums like Carl Sagan operate.

### *The Old Men Win*

Like Metternich in '48,
Who pasted up his creaky state
As troops supplied stability,
The President appears to be
Obsessed with Mr. Deng, whose tricks
Are subtle as Prince Metternich's.

W. H. VON DREELE

## NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In reference to the enclosed headline, "New Russian Diet Melts Flab Away—Soviets share secret weight-loss plan with us" (*Weekly World News*, Oct. 17, 1989), I have discovered that the Russian word Gulag can be translated literally as "fat farm." However, I don't understand why anyone would travel so far to lose weight, when all they really have to do is stand in line at their nearest Moscow market. Who says there are no spinoffs from Gorby's *perestroika*? How many fat Russians have you seen recently in Red Square, not counting himself?!

Sincerely yours,
William H. Hotaling
Kearny, N.J.

Dear Mr. Hotaling: Just him and a few retired NATIONAL REVIEW editors who years ago said that the evil empire had a date with the rubbish heap of history. Cordially,
WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I think you mistakenly claim to have attended St. John's Beaumont (not, Beaumont) at the age of 12, since it is a preparatory school for children aged five through 11. From age 12 you would have boarded at Beaumont College. The college buildings and some 150 acres of land sadly were sold by the Jesuit fathers in the late 1960s, and have since been transformed into a computer sales training and conference facility. The old chapel now is home to an ICL mainframe computer. But then I suspect that you were writing in jest.

Regards,
Peter W. Skinner
Monterey, Calif.

Dear Mr. Skinner: I don't know how old you are, but your memory is not reliable. I arrived at St. John's Beaumont in October 1938, and entered a class called Figures 2A. My 13th birthday was the following November. I left in March because of the threat of war. Figures 1 was a class above me, which had in it boys up



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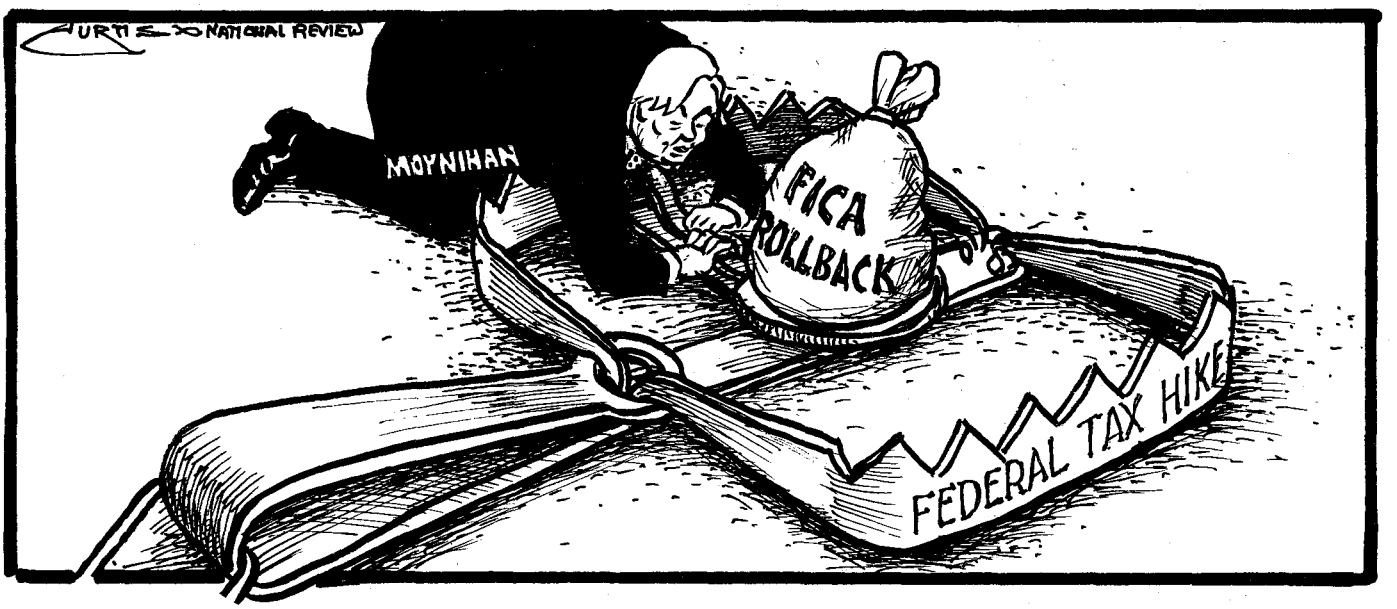


through age 14, after which they went on to Beaumont. Yours faithfully, WFB

P.S. My form master was Fr. Manning. The headmaster was Fr. Sharkey.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

On a recent flight, a stewardess offered me a selection from an all too bland stack of magazines. I triumphantly pulled out my *NR* and began to read. Upon deplaning, I realized I'd left my latest edition in the seat pocket in front of me. At first, I worried my collection would be short. Then it occurred to me that maybe my loss could be another's gain.

Since I fly about as often as you publish, I've decided to turn this mishap into practice, with the hope that my small gesture may enlighten the lives of others. Just think, if everyone . . .

Only my best,
Maury Kauffman
Nutley, N.J.

Dear Mr. Kauffman: A terrific idea! But don't leave one in the cockpit. The pilot would insist on finishing it before landing, and we don't want the public to be inconvenienced. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Bill:

A great cover idea occurred to me. I know you will like it. It would have you in one corner smoking crack in your limousine, and me in the opposite corner smelling a flower.

As you know, I've always been for objective journalism.

Cordially,
Ernest [van den Haag]
New York, N.Y.

Dear Ernest: Objective? How can you be smelling a flower while telling me a) what to think, b) what to publish, c) where to eat, and d) what to invest in? Cordially, Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

We recently completed writing a computer program which will print out amortization schedules when using bi-weekly payments rather than the usual monthly payments. During preparation of this program we ran across a matter which may be of interest to your readers.

The matter of interest is the simple question, "Is the year 2000 a leap year?" Since the number 2000 is evenly divisible by four we thought it would be a leap year. To be on the safe side we checked with an authoritative source (the National Bureau of Standards—Time and Frequency Division—Boulder, Colorado) and found out that the year 2000 will be a leap year not because 2000 is evenly divisible by four but because it is evenly divisible by four hundred. Leap years occur when the year number is evenly divisible by four, except that such years are not leap years if evenly divisible by one hundred, but with the further exception that such years become leap years again if evenly divisible by four hundred.

The same information may be found by looking in the dictionary under leap year. But in looking at the dictionary definition one must be aware that the last year of any century ends with at least two zeros (1900, 2000, and 2100 are the last years of the nineteenth, twentieth, and twenty-first centuries). The year 2000 is the last year of the twentieth century; the year 2001 is the first year of the twenty-first century. Similarly, the year 1991 (not 1990) is the first year of the last decade of the twentieth century.

Lawrence E. Follis
Follis Financial Software
Columbia, S.C.

Dear Mr. Follis: We are greatly relieved. Cordially, **—WFB**



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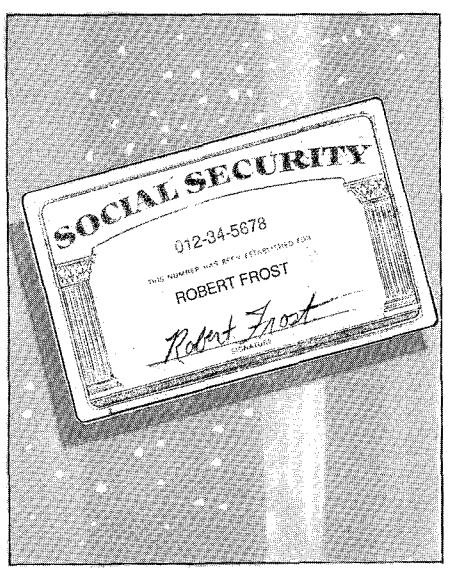
# Fumbling on Social Security

WILLIAM MCGURN




Jennifer Lawson

WASHINGTON—One day after Congress returned from its Christmas break, about two dozen Hill staffers, policy analysts, and business representatives gathered inside the boardroom of the conservative Heritage Foundation in an emergency session to discuss Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan's (D., N.Y.) surprise call for cuts in Social Security taxes.

Endorsed by Heritage, the Moynihan bill would reduce payroll taxes in two steps from the 7.65 per cent that took effect January 1 down to 6.55 per cent in 1991. It soon became obvious the Senator had caught Republicans napping.

"They're all over the map on this one," says one attendee. "Normally a Democratic call to cut taxes would split that party, but George Bush screwed it up by coming out against it. The result is that the Republicans are as divided over this as the Democrats."

That should come as no surprise, because Social Security is a many-headed beast. The way it works is this: Workers are taxed today; that money is then doled out to existing retirees; any excess money is placed in the Social Security Trust Fund, set up in 1983 to cover the eventual retirement of the aging baby-boom generation. Recently this Trust Fund began to show huge surpluses, $70 billion this year alone—the result of the economic expansion kicked off by Reagan tax cuts. Most people think that this money is invested to pay for their retirement, but in fact the Federal Government uses it to buy Treasury bonds and spends the cash. Since future taxes must redeem those bonds, it hides much of the deficit. Senator Moynihan call this process of raiding the public's retirement savings to pay for Congress's spending "thievery."

Thievery it certainly is, and Senator Moynihan should know: he was the Ali Baba of the commission that put these onerous rates in place. That would make him suspect enough, but what he's after is not really a cut in individual taxes, but rather a means to raise the deficit from $152 billion to $204 billion, which, in turn, would force Bush into breaking his no-new-taxes promise to raise the money to cover it. This, the President says, is just "a disguise for increased taxes around the corner."

The President's dead right on that, as Senator Ernest Hollings (D., S.C.) proved almost immediately by calling for a value-added tax to pay for the Moynihan Social Security cut. The potential for mischief is endless. For example, the Democrats could raise or even elminate the cap on Social Security taxes (now at $51,300), negating what the President is trying to do by cutting capital-gains rates. Or the cuts could be limited to people with incomes below, say, $35,000, again making the tax curve steeper and anti-productive. Or, they could decide to take Social Security—about 22 per cent of the federal ledger—off budget, paving the way for Congress to use the money any way it pleases. Representative John Porter, author of a Republican alternative, puts it this way: "Senator Moynihan has given us a good diagnosis, but the prescription is poison."

Far from grousing about the Moynihan bid, perceptive Republicans such as Porter rejoice that a prominent and pro–Social Security Democrat has finally conceded what Republicans have been trying to say for years: That Social Security is really a tax rather than a bona-fide insurance program. Essentially the Porter bill would channel the revenue into Individual Social Security Retirement Accounts that now flow into the Trust Fund—a sort of forced IRA savings program for workers. The advantage is that the worker would actually own this plan in the same way he would own a regular IRA (though with no early access). Eventually the system would be fully privatized.

Other conservatives would just as soon go for the Moynihan tax cut and let the people decide what to do with it themselves. Such groups as the National Taxpayers Union and Americans for Tax Reform (ATR), not to mention Heritage, have endorsed the Moynihan proposal under the general principle that lowering any tax is a good in itself. Republican Whip Newt Gingrich, who has backed the Porter bill, believes the debate begun by Moynihan opens a range of Republican opportunities to harp on lower taxes and system reform.

"What Moynihan *tried* to do was the old bait-and-switch, a pretend tax cut for a real tax increase later," he says. "What he *really* did was for the first time focus media scrutiny of Social Security and point out to people that their money is not going into a bank vault somewhere for their retirement later, but rather to mop up the deficit. Every time a reporter explains that to the readers, we win."

So why is this splitting Republicans instead of Democrats? Because instead of taking the Moynihan cut and running with it on a reform theme, Bush missed the handoff and the Social Security ball is still bouncing around a scrambling Republican backfield. In the process, he has diluted his party's most winning issue, cutting taxes—particularly at a time when almost three-quarters of American workers have more taken out of their paychecks for Social Security than for income tax. By arguing to maintain the status quo in Social Security, yet insisting on the need



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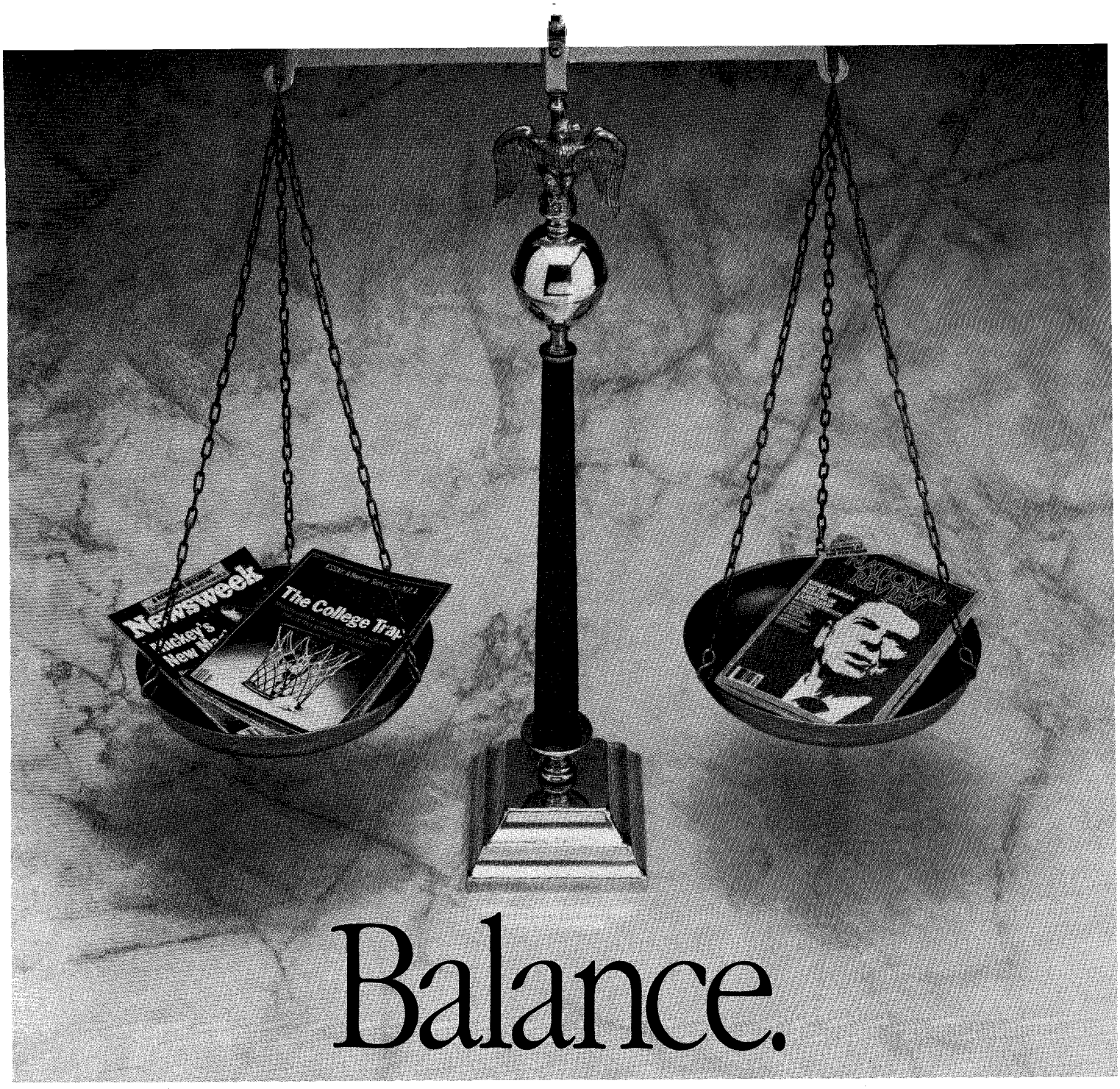


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to cut capital-gains rates, the President also opens himself to the charge that his party is more interested in helping Donald Trump than Joe Sixpack.

In the end, though, the Democrats will probably bail him out. Considering the party leadership is not wild about *any* tax cut, they will probably self-destruct. But that's all the more reason for President Bush to take advantage of the opening Moynihan has given him.

"Moynihan is like the quarterback who goes 55 yards back into the pocket to throw the long bomb," says ATR president Grover Norquist. "Instead of worrying about an impossible completion the President should be thinking about the great field position he'd gain by taking Moynihan down where he now stands." □

# Country without a Home

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Jennifer Lawson

LONDON—Even before the kaleidoscope of Eastern and Central Europe was shaken so spectacularly, Europe had become Britain's most important foreign-policy problem. Elections are rarely determined by questions of foreign policy, but the European issue was, and is, dangerously divisive within Margaret Thatcher's Conservative Party. As 1992, the target year for Western European economic unification, approaches, the web of regulations promulgated, and powers taken, by the European Community's bureaucrats in Brussels has been steadily thickening. To the significant number of Britons who loathe the whole process, it recalls the lamentable fate of a poor fellow who, some years ago, while cleaning the big clock outside London's Law Courts, found his clothes caught in the mechanism and was pulled relentlessly to his doom.

Precisely what 1992 portends no one is sure. A single monetary system and a uniform social policy, mainly affecting conditions at work, are being urged more or less immediately. But what's the goal? Complete integration? A federal constitution? Whatever the enthusiasts for a new Europe may be planning or hoping, it is certainly much more than was originally advertised when Britain was cajoled into the Common Market. The name itself has changed. The Common Market became the European Economic Community, the EEC; then the middle "E" was dropped: it became simply the EC, the European Community. When did this happen? Nobody seems to know. The British electorate was never informed at the time (or since), let alone asked.

Future historians may well be astonished that such far-reaching constitutional developments could be pushed through without even a pretense of obtaining the electors' approval. At no juncture were the British people consulted—except in one, heavily biased, retrospective referendum—nor were the implications honestly explained to them. Had the question of whether Britain should or should not join Europe been put straightforwardly to the electorate, there can be very little doubt that the answer would have been no; which is why it was never put—by politicians who thought themselves best qualified ("representatives of the people, not delegates") to make the decision.

Every opinion poll continues to show the British notably unenthusiastic about Europe, despite an overwhelming flood of propaganda aimed at making them "Community-minded." The intellectual and political establishment, chronically snobbish about America and reluctant therefore to depend on the Atlantic relationship, has always tended to prefer Europe. The business community is interested in the Common Market as a market. And the media, following fashion, have moved almost unanimously into the Europhile camp.

Most ominously, the Labor Party, which used to be suspicious of a capitalist Common Market, has suddenly discovered that the new Europe, with its centralist assumptions and eagerness for regulation, may be a way of getting socialist principles back into Thatcherite Britain.

Yet the ordinary Englishman remains sturdily uninterested. He may accept, when confronted with the question, that disentangling Britain from Europe would not now be practicable: but he still thinks that it hasn't much to do with him. When the formerly anti-European *Daily Express* said that young Britons "feel European," no evidence was adduced. Their choice of clothes, entertainment, vocabulary, and holiday travel suggest that, if anything, they feel American.

Margaret Thatcher, not for the first time, is closer than her colleagues to the populist feeling. Even she has to be presented as keenly pro-European and she did sign, whether blinkered by her officials or in a fit of absentmindedness, the insidious Single European Act: but she stands out firmly against the centralization of excessive power in Brussels. As she said in her celebrated speech to the College of Europe at Bruges, "We have not successfully rolled back the frontiers of the state in Britain, only to see them reimposed at a European level." To the disgust of the Europhiles, this cautious attitude often isolates Britain among the members of the Community.

General de Gaulle kept Britain out of the Common Market because he thought her natural Atlantic affiliation would always prevent her from being truly European. The Europhiles are trying to dispose of this objection by deliberately wrenching apart, or subverting, the Anglo-American link. The



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special relationship is dead, they say, so Britain must look elsewhere: conversely, Americans have been told that, since Britain is now more interested in Europe than in preserving the old relationship, Washington should concentrate on the new centers of money and power in Bonn and Brussels. These complementary arguments, bounced back and forth across the Atlantic, reinforce each other and, if not checked, may prove self-fulfilling; a prospect which suits, not only anti-Americanism in Britain and anti-British sentiment in America, but a currently influential faction of Young Turks in the State Department. Their latest line, duly reflected in the British press, is that, being so fond of Britain, they would hate to see her excluded from the burgeoning joys of Europe by Mrs. Thatcher's obduracy.

Pushing Britain into Europe has always been State Department policy, based on a hazy internationalist view of how the new Europe was likely to develop. The view today can only be hazier than ever.

With events in Eastern and Central Europe moving so fast, should the Western European Community integrate as quickly as possible—or wait until matters become clearer? Can a potentially reunited and economically dominant Germany be bound firmly to the West—or will Germany have to be neutralized as the price of reunification? Will the newly liberated countries from behind the crumbling Iron Curtain recover their European identity—or will there be an explosive return to antagonistic nationalism? What are the odds on Gorbachev's survival—fifty-fifty?

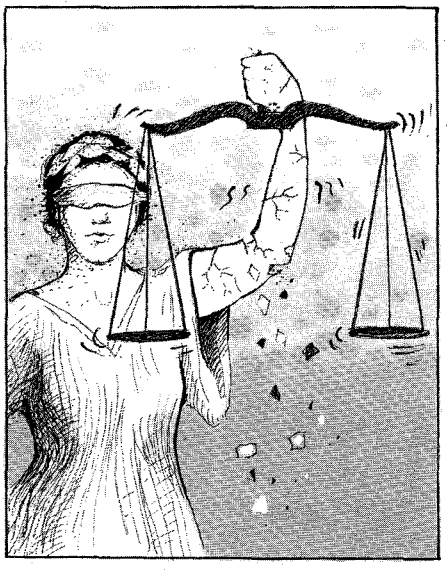
These questions are being asked and cannot be answered. There is a general assumption in Europe that, barring a cataclysm, America's military presence soon will be reduced. This would be quite welcome in certain circles on both sides of the Atlantic: but the more prudent European leaders, and especially Mrs. Thatcher, are most anxious that nothing should be done precipitately.

In general, however, America and American policy have been pushed, in the past few months, to the margin of European consciousness. The Europeans are too absorbed in themselves. Again Britain is the exception. The British, like American television viewers, have watched the unfolding drama of Eastern Europe with satisfaction but also with a certain detachment. And Britain was alone in supporting America's invasion of Panama.

When empires collapse, as seems to be happening to the Soviet empire, the only certainty is of confusion and peril. Now more than ever, according to the privately expressed opinion of one elder statesman, Britain should remember Churchill's final advice to his last Cabinet: "Never be separated from the Americans." But all the chatter of politicians and journalists is about Europe. □

# Judgment Call

WILLIAM MURCHISON



Jennifer Lawson

DALLAS—Judicial activism has taken a new twist with the federal judiciary's attempt to "reform" the state courts. It goes like this: If judges are engaging in giving law, that means they're representing the people. And if they're to represent the people, they have to be representative of the people—which nowadays means demographically representative.

On one level this is juicy humor. A less "representative" body than the federal judiciary is seldom encountered this side of the Politburo or the National Football League Management Council. Yet, with no sense of shame—rather, one of pride—federal judges have been ordering states to guarantee the election of black and Hispanic judges through judicial reapportionment.

The federal jurists' tool is the Voting Rights Act of 1965, whose purpose was to clear away barriers to the exercise by blacks of their constitutional right to vote. As liberalized in 1982, the act now lifts from voting-rights plaintiffs the burden of proving intentional discrimination; all they must do is show that minorities have a tough time getting elected. And in 1987, the Sixth U.S. Court of Appeals made the momentous discovery that the act applied to elections not just for legislative and executive posts but for judgeships as well.

So the federal courts set to work, and ordered a special election in Mississippi that seated four black judges. Louisiana is currently trying to reform procedures for Supreme Court elections to comply with a court order. Similar suits are pending in other jurisdictions.

Texas, with large black and Hispanic populations, has been particularly beset. Earlier this year, Judge Filemon Vela of Brownsville threw out at-large election of state appeals judges in South Texas. The area served by the appeals court, Vela observed, is 46 per cent Hispanic, yet one lone Hispanic judge sits on the court itself. The judge suggested that single-member appellate districts would be a good thing. Nothing definite has yet been decided.

Another Texas decision, of much more sweeping import, came in early November. The at-large election of district judges in nine urban counties, including Dallas and Harris (Houston), had been challenged in a suit filed by the League of United Latin American Citizens. U.S. District Judge Lucius Bunton III, in a 94-page opinion, ordered that non-partisan judicial elections be held in May, with judges in the urban counties elected from community-based districts. The Fifth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals set aside Bunton's order for early elections, but the Texas legislature will, at a special session this spring, consider complying with Bunton's demand for overhaul of the judicial selection process.

The U.S. Supreme Court has so far declined to interfere with what the lower courts are doing in the sphere of judical reapportionment, and I have not noticed that many laymen, or even

*Mr. Murchison is a columnist for the* Dallas Morning News.



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judges and lawyers, yet appreciate how serious this matter is. The judiciary is coming to be regarded as just another entitlement program. Insofar as they can, Texas and the other states covered by the Voting Rights Act are expected to carve out safe seats for minority jurists. What is at stake here is racial preferment with no justification other than the broadening of job opportunities for minority lawyers. As one Hispanic Dallas Democrat notes, the case "casts a die for all jurisdictions with large minority populations, from New York to California."

Why aren't there more minority judges now? For one thing there aren't, or haven't been until recent times, all that many minority lawyers. Some voters may decline to vote for a black or Hispanic candidate, but experience in Texas indicates that number to be relatively small. The Doug Wilder Principle—a strong minority candidate finds strong support among whites—operates as effectively in Texas as in Virginia. There are three black judges in Dallas County, all of them Republicans. State Supreme Court Justice Raul Gonzalez, a Democrat, enjoys massive support from whites in both parties. Why? Because Gonzalez is one of the court's ablest (and most conservative) members—a judge of massive dignity and character. (If George Bush ever decides to add an Hispanic to the Rehnquist Court, he should seriously consider Gonzalez, and very possibly he should consider him anyway, on his own considerable merits.)

For now, the question is, how can we keep the state courts from becoming affirmative-action arenas? First, fight in court. There is in these matters a diffidence among whites—the someone-might-call-us-racists thing. But mutely, meekly letting the federal courts carve up state judicial systems into what in effect are tiny fiefdoms risks the debasement of justice. One Judge Roy Bean was quite enough for Texas. Nor should we overlook the folly of suggesting that a judge—as Bunton and Vela suggest—somehow "represents" the masses. To represent is to speak for. A judge represents no one and nothing, save the Law. But, then, that view stands the methods of Justice Brennan et al. on their head. It compels modesty and a sense of responsibility to that which is larger than the judge himself.

We are not at the end of this trail by any means, but already the scenery grows depressing, and danger crackles in the underbrush. If the Supreme Court won't act, Congress must be exhorted to do so. If that fails, the temptation will be strong to take the judiciary out of the election process altogether—to institute "Missouri Plan" systems where judges are appointed. The effect of this on entitlements is hard to predict; the consequences for justice can only be positive. □

# Revenge of the Revo

GEOFFREY WAGNER

Jennifer Lawson

ST. GEORGE'S, GRENADA—Why, to the ruin of its economy, has Grenada been dragging its feet over the execution of the convicted assassins of its erstwhile Communist Prime Minister Maurice Bishop, whose action resulted in the longest and largest murder trial in Caribbean history, to say nothing of an American intervention?

After all, the criminal handling of the affair was impeccable. West Indian police have generally excellent records of apprehension and conviction. They do not seem to have been inhibited, at least in the "Lower" Caribbean, by that mitigation of deterrence we see in British and American law. Miranda rights are minimal. When a former Grenadian, now a British citizen, recently returned to his natal isle after allegedly murdering his London paramour, he was picked up in two days. When last June a ranking St. Vincentian police officer was seconded to Grenada to beef up the morale of the local force, and interpreted his mission as to shoot and kill both the Grenadian Commissioner of Police and a black American political officer, his life was ended in seconds flat. The British CID congratulated the Grenadian force, observing that the island's rate of homicide convictions was nearly 60 per cent as against 20 per cent in England. (The United States boasts a still lower conviction rate.)

On gaining independence every ex-British Caribbean possession reinstituted the capital penalty outlawed by England in the Sixties. In Grenada it is mandatory for murder. St. Vincent recently hanged on the same day a father and son found guilty of murder. In both Trinidad and Barbados the noose has lately ended the lives of rapists. So why has there been a nearly three-year delay of execution of the murderers of Maurice Bishop, his pregnant mistress, and his ministers and minions—in effect the murderers of an entire government?

A cynic might answer that, in common with New York's City Hall, Caribbean governments do tend to end up in jail. A former prime minister of Dominica has been inside for years, but the only total wipe-out comparable with Grenada's was that of a recent Turks and Caicos cabinet, for drug smuggling. Another tentative answer could be the importation via U.S. TV of Stateside attitudes to crime and punishment which virtually deny the existence of evil.

The facts of the Grenadian experience are these. After the intervention in October 1983 those suspected of the wholesale murder of the Bishop government, as well as of a large number of inno-

*Mr. Wagner's new novel,* The Red Crab, *is published by Robert Hale of London.*



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cent civilian bystanders, were rounded up, charged, and tried on evidence. (It is perhaps incidentally ironic that the richest man in Grenada today, a multimillionaire called Lynden Ramdhanny, was hastening to join his friend Comrade Bishop in the Old Fort and was lucky not to have died there, alongside Bishop and another friend, Norris Bain.)

*Regina versus Andy Mitchell et al.* at first numbered twenty defendants. After many procrastinations 13 men and one woman (Phyllis Coard, wife of Bishop's deputy Bernard Coard and a Jamaican Tia Maria heiress) were found guilty of murder and/or conspiracy to murder by a local jury of seven men and five women; one man, Raeburn Nelson, was acquitted.

At the start there was great popular hostility to the accused—I watched rocks hurled at them when they were brought into St. George's for the Court of Inquiry, subsequently removed to the Richmond Hill Prison for their own safety—but as the years passed this hostility declined to baffled apathy. Nonetheless, on the afternoon of December 4, 1986, Kittitian Judge Dennis Byron sentenced the 14 to death by hanging. Two former People's Revolutionary Army soldiers were found guilty of manslaughter and accorded sentences of 45 and thirty years each, not to run concurrently; this was presumably to avoid the generally lenient interpretation given a life sentence in the islands. Those sentenced in Grenada could then appeal. They have done so for over three years.

IN BRIEF, the filibuster put by the defense lawyers, all financed by the Grenadian taxpayer, turned into so much Alice-in-Wonderland law, far beyond the comprehension of the average cane-cutter or nutmeg-grower, not to mention the present author; it even exceeded that mounted for the assassins of Mrs. Gandhi. The accused did everything. They challenged the validity of the court; having created their own "revolutionary" legal system they ironically demanded not to be tried by it, and were not (had they been, they would all have been swinging long since). They fired their lawyers. They rehired their lawyers, turning the courtroom into a Mad Hatter's Tea Party, jigging, expectorating, and chanting "CIA spies!", "This a Yankee court!", "Torturers," etc.

Their Jamaican lawyers, notably Howard Hamilton and Ian Ramsey, were encouraged from the sidelines by the customary white liberal pantheon, including Ramsey Clark, British MP Jeremy Corbyn (who circularized a vitriolic attack on the intervention from his vantage point in Islington), and Anthony Gifford, who has been disposing of fashionable anti-American filth on House of Lords notepaper for years, and who is now said to have been admitted to the Jamaican bar (*verb. sap.*). The latter pair head a British-based pressure group acronymized as CHRG (Committee for Human Rights in Grenada), fortifying themselves with a recent book by Phyllis Coard alleging every sort of mistreatment in prison.

Needless to say, Amnesty International was not far behind, accusing Grenadian prison guards of "savage beatings," and charging that one defendant (Andy Mitchell) had to be taken to hospital to have 15 stitches put in his scalp. He did. The laceration was caused by anti-revo prison inmates. They had also, apparently, made an attempt to drydrown Coard from a courtyard hydrant. Despite Amnesty's charges, I have not been able to verify that they actually got inside the Richmond Hill Prison; I assume their reports are based on pro-MBPM (Maurice Bishop Patriotic Movement) rumors. I should add that I was introduced on the island at this time by resident Westchester plutocrats, and friends of the Cuban Ambassador Julian Torres Rizo (not to mention his mistress, the American Weather Underground member Gail Reed, still going strong), to that liberal legal eagle and defender of democracy, Leonard Boudin. He was the father of "Weatherwoman" Kathy Boudin who, like so many nineteenth-century Russian nihilists, got her bomb recipe wrong, blowing up the Greenwich Village building belonging to her parents.

The appeals made by the Grenadian defendants are systematically bankrupting the country, whose taxpayers have to date forked out more than EC$15 million to transport, host, and pay some dozen Jamacian defense lawyers. These have been housed at a luxurious Grande Anse beach hotel, with the Grenadian government picking up the tab, rental cars and rum punches included. One of the Jamaican defense attorneys was actually given two years for contempt of court—but was allowed to litigate since his own sentence was also under appeal.

One last-ditch example of the forensic ingenuity of such attorneys was the challenge of Judge Byron's procedure in clearing the dock of the stamping, chanting accused and bringing them back individually for identification and questioning. They argued that since all defendants must be present at the examination of any one, then all should have been brought back forcibly into court, shackled and gagged. One does not have to guess at the reaction of the liberal press had Judge Byron used the gag. In fact, he allowed erstwhile Deputy Premier Bernard Coard to address the court for six days on end, excoriating America throughout them. For most of this time the jury took to copies of *The Cricketer* and old sewing magazines, since Coard had refused to take the oath; which, while it relieved him of cross-examination, also enjoined the jury to ignore everything he said. A debate then ensued as to whether the defendants had been expelled for misbehavior or contempt. Anyone could play.

Leslie Pierre, editor of *The Grenadian Voice*, for daring to publish which under Bishop had made him a three-year alumnus of a lightless prison cell, was no illusion about the errand of the defense in making democratic procedure look absurd, thereby revenging the revo. "It sticks out a mile," he wrote, "that what the defense has been trying to achieve all along is to stretch the trial out as long as possible so that the period of state necessity [the constitutional justification for the trial] . . . will look more and more ridiculous." Indeed, Pierre cited one defense lawyer jeering at him, in true Sharpton style, "Suppose the appeal went on for another five years, what would you people do about your court system?" The gibe had teeth, since Appeals Court President J. O. F. Haynes (from Guyana) died at the start of 1989 and the defense insisted that the whole abracadabra be begun again.

UNDER another judge it has indeed done so. For now elections are upon Grenada, with five or six parties contesting 15 seats as I write and uncertainty around on all sides. In this climate it is unlikely that the West Indies will see 14 of its citizens executed in a morning, including the first woman hanged in their history of independence. The average man in the street, or bush, meanwhile, will feel increasingly convinced of Lord Halifax's dictum that "Whenever a knave is not punished an honest man is laughed at." □



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# Hear No Evil, See No Evil

ELLIOTT ABRAMS

One of the few immutable principles in the conduct of international relations is this: delusions make for danger. This principle illuminates the trouble we are about to get into in Central America, where for several years now diplomacy has been organized around the set of delusions called the Arias Plan.

On December 12, the five Central American presidents once again set reality aside and signed a "peace plan." This declaration came only weeks after the Sandinista regime sent missiles to the FMLN, and only days after it brutally—using machetes—broke up an opposition rally in Nicaragua [see "Murder in Masatepe," "On the Scene," *NR*, Feb. 5]. Each of the five presidents knew this. Why, then, sign yet another agreement which everyone knows the Sandinistas will dishonor as they have all their previous promises? Why accept, and dignify, more lies?

The answer is that there are only two roads to take in Central America. If it is the goal of your policy to remove the Sandinistas from power, you must call a lie by its proper name. Then you must use diplomatic, economic, and even military pressure to get rid of the region's central problem, the Communist regime in Managua. This was the Reagan policy, which the Democratic majority in Congress prevented from succeeding.

Or you can pretend that the Sandinistas accept democracy, call each additional agreement with them progress, and claim the problem plaguing the region is "violence" rather than Communist oppression and subversion. You treat the Sandinistas as friends interested in solving the region's problems, rather than as tyrants anxious to exacerbate them. This has always been President Arias's policy, and apparently no amount of evidence will cause him to admit its failure.

What is the policy of the Bush Administration? Last winter the President, seeking to avoid a bitter battle with Congress, entered into an agreement with the Democratic leadership, postponing consideration of the future of the Contras until after the February 25 election in Nicaragua.

It has become increasingly clear that for the Administration, that election will constitute a *deus ex machina*, ending its Nicaragua problem. After a free election, we will "normalize" relations with the winner, end our embargo and our blocking of loans to Managua, send back our ambassador, and declare the problem "solved."

But there's a rub: What if the election isn't free? That possibility was ignored in the Administration's original deal with the Democrats, and it now looks like a time bomb. Several very prominent Democrats came back from the Sandinista-disrupted Masatepe rally warning that no free election could be conducted under present conditions. Which is precisely what the Sandinistas have in mind, for it's likely Mrs. Chamorro would win a fair contest.

Instead, the *comandantes* will "count" the votes, recount the votes, announce a narrow victory, call for national reconciliation, and immediately ask for "normalization" of ties with the U.S. in order to save their economy. They remain in command, while we abandon the Contras and help bail the Sandinistas out.

With so much turning on the election, one would assume the Bush Administration would pull out the stops to be sure it is free. But one does not have the impression that that is happening. Malta produced little. When confronted about Sandinista arms shipments to El Salvador, Gorbachev responded that Ortega had sworn there were none. Mr. Bush unaccountably accepted this miserable response, explaining that perhaps the Sandinistas had lied to "our Soviet friends," instead of calling it the insult it was. So far, official reaction to the new wave of violence against the Nicaraguan opposition has been inaudible.

Here's the problem: The Administration clearly believes that if Mr. Bush declares the election flawed but acceptable—which is no doubt what the two leading election observers, Jimmy Carter and Eliot Richardson, will call it—he gets Nicaragua off his agenda. But if he screams bloody murder and calls the election fraudulent, then what? More Contra-aid votes? Recall Ollie North? If the wish is father to the thought, the Administration may be inclined to stretch the definition of an acceptable election.

Down this road lies more and more peril. In truth, the definition of a free election in Nicaragua will be made by the people of that country. No declaration in Washington will fool the Nicaraguan people, who are living through this Sandinista violence. No political calculations here will kill off their desire to be free of the Communist regime that impoverishes and oppresses them. A stolen election will *not* bring peace, whatever the mood on Capitol Hill. The link between the Sandinistas and violence in El Salvador is growing, not weakening. Will peace with Congress on Nicaragua be purchased at the price of strengthening that link? The Sandinistas are emboldened by the sense that there is no stomach in Washington for the kinds of pressures that might truly end Sandinismo.

A deal with the Sandinistas in which they promise to let El Salvador alone if we let them alone—meaning, abandon the Contras and the struggle for freedom in Nicaragua—is the logical end of the Administration's policy. But that end, rejected repeatedly by President Reagan, would be shameful and ineffective. How many agreements have the Sandinistas signed promising to stop arming the FMLN?

The Sandinistas know their own weaknesses, and they know their future is bleak. They can look forward to less Eastern European and Soviet aid, more economic decline, more isolation. They have decided to play double or nothing, gambling that we will appease rather than fight back. When they attack Mrs. Chamorro's supporters with machetes and the reaction in Washington is silence, the smart money will hesitate to bet against them. □

*Mr. Abrams was Assistant Secretary of Inter-American Affairs from 1985 to 1989.*



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THE RED BLUES

# Should We Save Gorbachev?

*Influential voices urge the West to save Gorbachev: he needs $25 billion to tide him over. But is* perestroika *really changing the Soviet economy? Maybe Gorbachev isn't prepared to save himself.*

RODNEY LEACH

THE DEBATE in Western financial circles about the prospects of *perestroika* has been largely dominated by George Soros, president of Soros Fund Management in New York. Soros brings to the task redoubtable credentials—detailed experience, gained from his role as organizer of an international task force, under the aegis of Prime Minister Nikolai Ryzhkov, to study the establishment of an "open sector" within the Soviet economy; a comprehensive grasp of Western economies; and a record of rare business success.

When such a knight enters the lists, the rest are tempted to leave the field without a challenge. Yet his conclusion that the future of *perestroika* lies essentially in Western hands is unconvincing. Soros argues that while the imminent collapse of the Soviet economy and the threatened disintegration of the Soviet Union may soon force Gorbachev to resign, catastrophe can yet be avoided if the U.S. is prepared to come to the rescue with loans to stabilize the ruble. Soros quantifies the cost of this stabilization at $25 billion.

If the conclusion were correct, then $25 billion would certainly be a manageable sum to lend. As Anatole Kaletsky has pointed out in the *Financial Times*, it is less than 10 per cent of the U.S. defense budget, a quarter of the external debt of Brazil or Mexico, and approximately the amount the U.S. Government will have to borrow in each of the next three years to repay depositors in failed savings-and-loan institutions. Few Western taxpayers would begrudge their contribution toward a $25-billion aid program for the Soviet Union if the effect were to be comparable with the postwar reconstruction of Europe, not to mention the added prize of Peace in Our Time.

*Mr. Leach is director of Jardine Matheson Holdings, Ltd.*

But there's the rub. Marshall Plan aid was supplied mainly to countries possessing four features that made them diametrically opposed to Communism: 1) the rule of law; 2) open-market pricing; 3) private ownership; 4) sound currencies. In the Soviet Union there is no rule of law and no independent judiciary. Under *glasnost* Soviet citizens can at last uncover wrongdoing and incompetence, within certain limits, but since they are offered no redress they withdraw into the unresolved bitterness of their predicament.

AS FOR private ownership and free-market pricing, these remain as incompatible with Communism as ever. The notion that there could be a degree of convergence between Western mixed economies and the Soviet central-planning system finds no support among serious Soviet economists, nor did it survive the analysis of Soros's own task force.

Western state-owned concerns do not operate on state command. Their products compete with alternative products; their accounts reveal to taxpayers the results of their activities; they purchase supplies, recruit personnel, and sell their output in a globally competitive environment. They obey the law in fields as diverse as contracts, patents, environmental protection, and anti-monopoly legislation, and they expand or contract in response to fluctuations of demand.

In the Soviet Union, state-owned enterprises are insulated both from natural forces and from the law. Quality imports are virtually non-existent, as is price competition when any consumer item that can be made is snapped up by a populace starved for goods. Soviet heavy-industrial manufacturers are free to pollute the planet, but are vehemently opposed to market freedom, since they can distribute their otherwise unsaleable



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output only through the planning system. Accounting is a branch of propaganda, and there is no commercial law. Such competition as exists is confined mainly to corruption.

In open economies, where bottlenecks and surpluses disappear automatically as traders and entrepreneurs react to fill any gap, quite small interferences with the freedom of the market, such as cartels, protectionism, or subsidies, can impede its efficiency. This phenomenon has become still more marked in the post modern era of decentralized, international high-technology business. That is why deregulation and freer competition is the order of the day in the most advanced countries.

At the heart of the Western system lies the price mechanism—an impartial, classless semaphore transmitting a massive volume of signals to producers and consumers about scarcities and surpluses of goods, labor, and capital, which no planners could hope to replicate. It does, however, require for its operation a host of temporary losers and gainers as small adjustments are made to avert the buildup of fundamental flaws.

The out-of-context adoption by the Soviet Union of elements of the open market is therefore a delusion—as if a few pints of oil could bring life to a rusting hulk. In the days of unrelieved central planning, the fringe of private enterprise in the Soviet Union was able to live off the economy and to some extent ease its path—a traditional function of the black market in poor countries. But by introducing scraps of capitalism, such as "financial independence" for factories or partially free pricing, Communist planners have achieved nothing but chaos. The rudimentary market instruments may signal (as if everyone did not already know it) surplus steel and no toiletries, but without the will to cut steel production, and without the supplies, capital, manufacturing capacity, and distribution network to expand the production of soap and toothpaste, the signals might as well be sent into outer space. As for partially free pricing, this simply leads to seepage from the state sector to the open sector—an arrangement which in the Soviet Union, as in China, encourages corruption and dries up official supplies.

The last prerequisite for an ability to benefit from foreign aid is a sound currency—a proposition that George Soros turns on its head in advocating dollar credits to stabilize the ruble. How come countries like Argentina, with their vast external debts, are bywords for hyperinflation? Sound currency comes only from financial discipline and efficient production. The absence of both these virtues is perfectly caught in the Russian saying, "We pretend to work and they pretend to pay us."

The collapse of the currency remains partially disguised in the Soviet Union, manifested mainly in empty shelves, soaring black-market prices, and the overhang of useless rubles. But the official retail price of jewelry and gold was raised by 50 per cent this January to deter panic buying, and engaged couples now need ration coupons for rings. Meanwhile, the dollar-equivalent cost of pearls is estimated to value the ruble at one-hundredth of the official rate.

Nor is the experience of neighboring countries encouraging. Yugoslavia's inflation rate is over 500 per cent, while East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Bulgaria will shortly have to face the Polish phenomenon of a massive once-for-all shift in prices (about fivefold in the case of Poland) if and when they switch from allocation of resources by graft to allocation by the market. It requires an extraordinary faith in the economic grip and financial prudence of the Soviet apparatus to imagine that a $25-billion loan will restore integrity to the ruble. Such faith is not shared by Comecon, which is discussing a move to abandon the ruble and trade in hard currency.

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OUR COUNTRY IS IN DESPERATE NEED OF U.S. ASSISTANCE...SO I'M CHANGING OUR NAME TO SOVIET UNION SAVINGS & LOAN.

CONTRARY TO superficial impressions in the West, there is nothing about Gorbachev's economic record to justify any suspension of skepticism. A vague but positive aura pervades otherwise well-informed discussion—"Reform can't be achieved overnight; things are moving in the right direction."

Anyone cherishing such illusions should look at the 13th five-year plan, which Ryzhkov presented in outline form to the Congress of People's Deputies in December. Ryzhkov revealed that central planning would remain untouched for the time being and that price reform would be postponed for three years. He stated that in the future the command system would "rest on laws and economic mechanisms," but added that the government had rejected "contentious" proposals such as the introduction of private property. Before price reform is brought in there is to be "nationwide discussion," but since reformers and hard-liners disagree completely about the first principles of economic management, there is no prospect of consensus and therefore no prospect of reform.

December's *Soviet Analyst* quotes an article in *Novy*



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*Mir* by the economist Vassily Selyunin in which he analyzes the absence of any gains from *perestroika*, including the failure to divert resources to consumer goods, the inflationary effect of piecemeal introduction of elements of the free-market system, and the unchecked production of shoddy goods by heavy industry. He instances the production of tractors, estimating that the number of faulty machines lying around the country is equal to America's total tractor production in the last seventy years.

Selyunin comments that Western visitors often simply cannot believe him, so programmed are they to an optimistic view of *perestroika*. "The decisions taken at the highest level, viewed as a whole, present an integrated, harmonious, and, alas, all too well-known concept of command regulation of the economy," he says. "It's as if the authors themselves do not believe in the ideas of *perestroika* . . . isn't it time to protect *perestroika* from its initiators?"

***It is unrealistic to suggest that by propping up a disintegrating system we would be doing more than postponing the day of reckoning.***

If, therefore, the U.S. were to do anything so unwise as to pour $25 billion into the Soviet Union, the effect would be similar to that achieved by loans to the more corrupt and inefficient parts of Africa and Latin America. The money would disappear. No doubt the numbered bank accounts of the *nomenklatura* would prosper, and a little cash would be left behind to provide the population with a modicum of toothpaste, tights, and so forth. But the rest would go down what Selyunin calls the "black holes" of the economy. (In these trusting times, one hesitates even to mention that $25 billion could also buy a lot of arms and much influence among disreputable regimes, or that if Gorbachev is succeeded by some Stalinist hard-liner the U.S. can hardly ask for its money back).

Given that the positive prospects of subsidizing the Soviet Union are so unpromising, there remains the negative argument: that if Gorbachev fails, the Soviet Union is less likely to produce a democratic successor than an atavistic authoritarian in the mold of Stalin, Lenin, and Ivan the Terrible. The breakaway tendencies in the constituent republics would be ruthlessly put down and the resulting turmoil would pose a threat to world prosperity and peace. The Soviet Union would, as they say, "draw the same conclusion" from chaos as Hitler did; and as China drew from Tiananmen Square. On the other hand, if we could just help Gorbachev to feed, heat, and clothe Russia through the winter, and then offer video recorders, soap, and blue jeans in the summer, his reforms might have enough time to start working.

This argument suffers from two defects. First, it stretches the interpretation of history. China was liberally supplied with foreign credit before the crushing of the rebellion, while Germany fell into Hitler's hands at the precise moment when the former Allies were offering far-reaching easements to World War I reparations. The second defect is that Gorbachev's economic "reforms," not having started in practice and being self-contradictory in theory, cannot ever work, however much time is bought for them.

This is not cold-war cynicism. Before he died, Sakharov recorded his response to Gorbachev's concern that real economic reform had "not yet begun." "It is not for me to tell you," said Sakharov, "how serious things are in the country, how dissatisfied people are, and how everyone expects things to get even worse. Your personal authority and popularity are down to zero. People cannot wait any longer with nothing but promises. A middle course in situations like this is almost impossible."

Of course, there is a risk of political regression in the Soviet Union. But it is unrealistic to suggest that by propping up a disintegrating system we would be doing more than postponing the day of reckoning.

Writing in the winter edition of *Daedalus*, "Z" argues that Leninism has reached its terminal impasse. Aid to save the system would be futile, while aid for transition to a market economy would be equally futile, since Gorbachev's objective is to salvage Soviet Communism, not to destroy it. "*Perestroika* and *glasnost*," writes "Z," "are pale substitutes for the market and democracy, halfway measures to make a resurrected society compatible with the Party's leading role. But the circle cannot be squared." The "false problem" of restructuring Communism must give way to the real problem of dismantling it.

And the dismantling process cannot be piecemeal. Whole sectors of the Soviet economy will have to be freed completely. The Baltic states could form an ideal pilot project, operating as a free economic zone akin to Hong Kong. A model would have been set for other Soviet Republics to follow.

What private companies do by way of joint ventures in the Soviet Union can safely be left to them, with minimal calculation of political consequences. But the sole justifiable objective of large-scale financial assistance from Western governments would be to ease the Soviet Union's exit from Communism. Whether what remains of the Soviet Union will in the end be a federation of republics, and whether Gorbachev will be around to enjoy it, is a matter of indifference. What is not a matter of indifference is whether freedom is reached bloodlessly or through civil war. But that, alas, is beyond our power to influence. □



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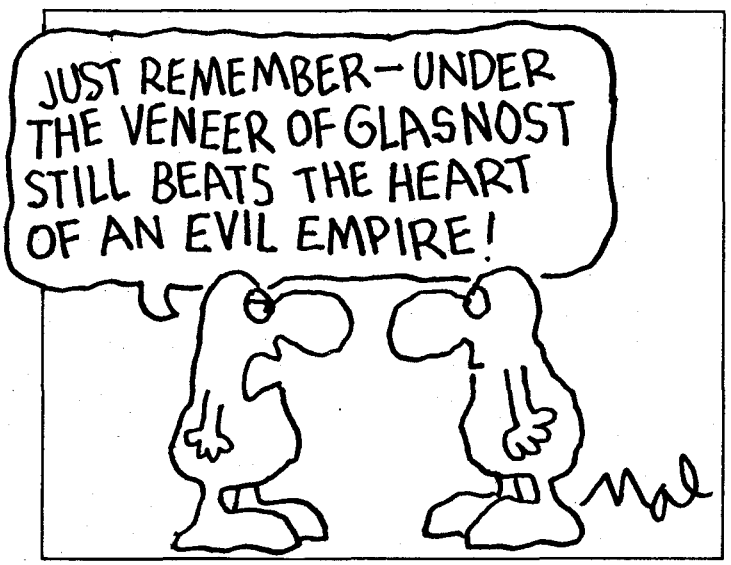
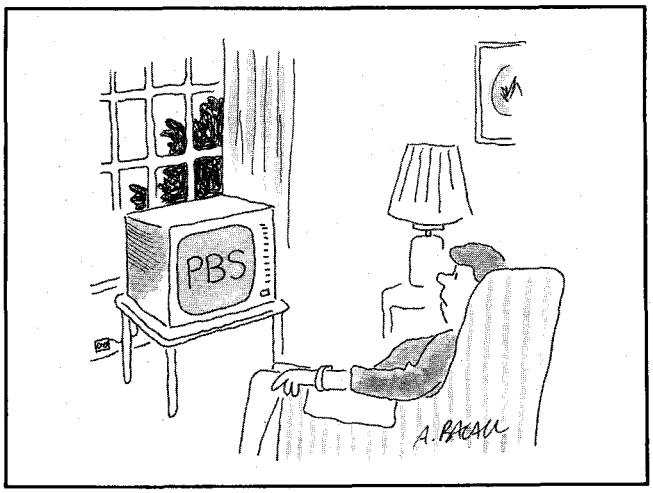
# help



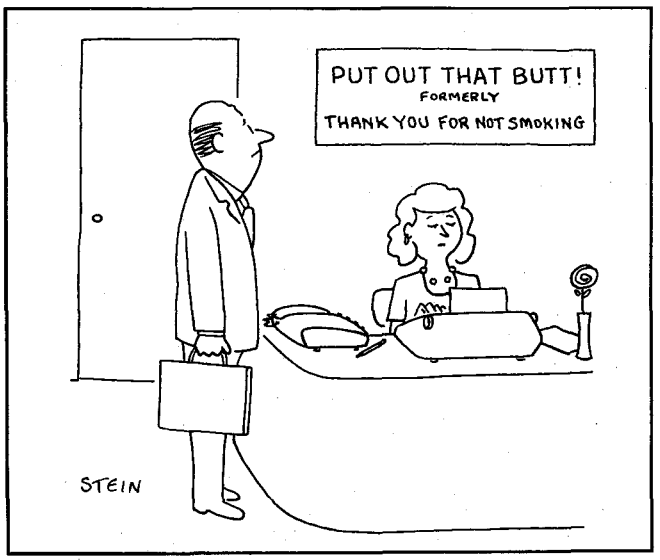

*S.O.S.!*

Phone booths are narrowing;
Phone books are harrowing
Volumes with minuscule printing.
Despite persistence, there
Isn't a distance where
They can be read without squinting.
Close up they're blurry,
And far off I worry
I'll put my long arm through the booth.
Could be my mission's
To find an optician's
Assistance—ah, Moment of Truth!

MAUREEN CANNON




*"We will return to our regular programming right after we lay this guilt trip on you."*



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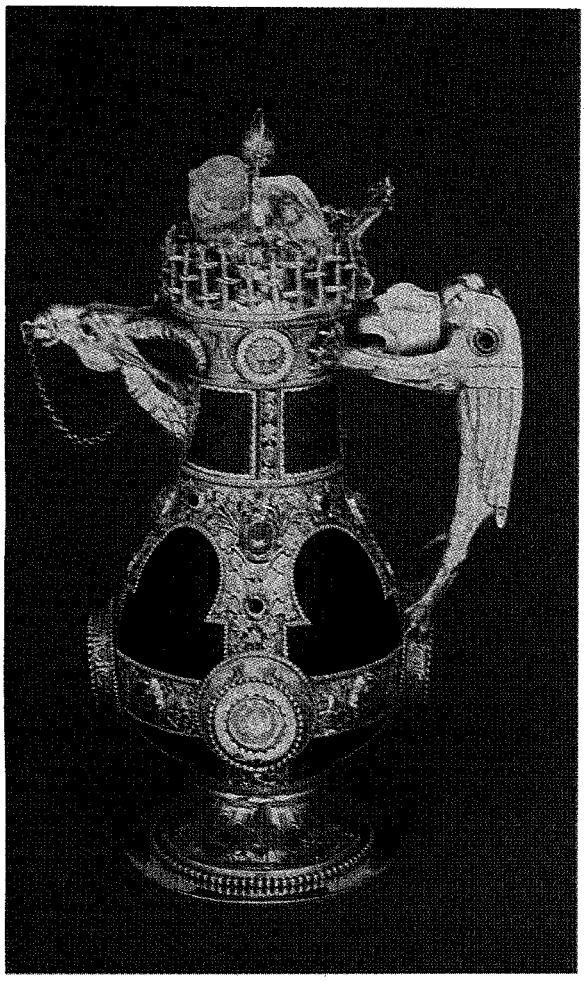
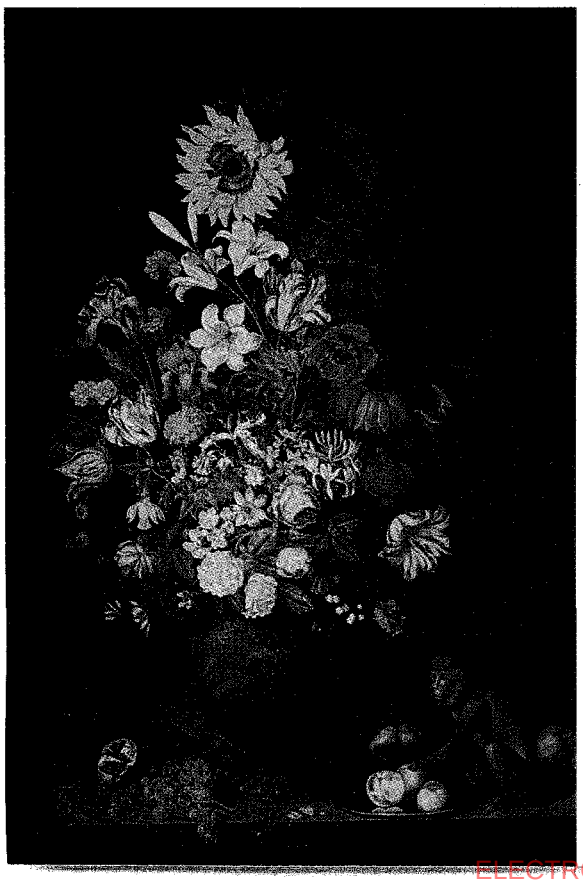
# The Brilliant





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# Bequests.

It was an unprecedented idea. The year was 1816, and Richard, seventh Viscount Fitzwilliam of Merrion, wanted the University of Cambridge to have its own art museum. His bequest began the Fitzwilliam Museum, considered by many to be the finest small museum in Europe.

Now we can see why in a remarkable exhibition entitled "Treasures from the Fitzwilliam Museum: The Increase of Learning and Other Great Objects." The exhibition is as exceptional for its diversity as for its quality. It is virtually a guided tour through the history of art, with highly selective stops along the way. Pause to see a lion's ferocity on an ancient Persian coin. Leap forward a few centuries and see the power of paintings by Titian and Rubens. Stop by a drawing by Rembrandt or a print by Degas. Spend some time with sculpture from ancient Greece, or furniture from 19th-century England. In every case, what we see is what caught the discerning eye and passionate interests of generations of Cambridge-educated scholars and collectors.

We wanted to give this exhibition our support. It is rare that such collections travel, and to see this one is immensely enriching. There's the immediate benefit in seeing the finest art from other civilizations, but there is also the more lasting benefit — inevitably, we want to learn more.

**National Tour:** National Gallery of Art, Washington, DC, March 19-June 18, 1989
Kimbell Art Museum, Fort Worth, TX, July 15-October 15, 1989
National Academy of Design, New York, NY, November 15-January 28, 1990
High Museum of Art, Atlanta, GA, February 20-May 6, 1990
Los Angeles County Museum of Art, Los Angeles, CA, June 21-September 9, 1990

**The exhibition is organized by the Fitzwilliam Museum and the National Gallery of Art, Washington, DC.**

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(Clockwise Top Left) DECANTER, 1865, William Burges. THE LAST OF ENGLAND, 1860, Ford Madox Brown. TWO MEN'S HEADS, circa 1600, Camillo Procaccini. (Bottom Right) CHARLES, 7TH EARL OF NORTHAMPTON, 1758, Pompeo Batoni. RECUMBENT HORSE, 17th-century Chinese, black and grey jade. VASE OF FLOWERS WITH A MONKEY, circa 1635, Ambrosius II Brosschaert.

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INTO THE NEW DECADE

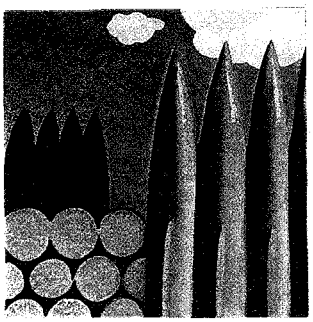
# Agenda for The Nineties

*We came a long way during the Eighties, a long way from our post-Vietnam malaise. But some wars were never won, and others must be continually refought. Herewith, the order of battle.*

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

WE ESCHEW the recital of our credenda. In our first issue (November 19, 1955), we thought of ourselves as young David with his slingshot, proclaiming that our role at NATIONAL REVIEW was to "stand athwart history, yelling Stop!" History has done that, ground to a stop. The Marxist dialectic is dead, and as the occasions warrant, we will recite again our creed. But today, we seek merely to enunciate an agenda for the Nineties. If we succeed in the next ten years, and American liberals adopt the position that it was inevitable that the goals here suggested should have been realized, even as they have spoken recently in accents suggesting that they have a proprietary hold on history, we will satisfy ourselves, as we do here, to say merely: We welcome the changes, and will not dwell on their etiology.

### *Nuclear Polycentrism*



POLITICAL developments in the final year of the last decade give grounds for profound satisfaction. Communism continues to be a threat but has ceased to be a creed. And since political cosmologies require faith in order to prosper, the menace of Communism diminishes, though it can hardly be said to have ended. Using less than 20 per cent of its inventory of nuclear weapons, the Soviet Union could tomorrow destroy the United States, never mind that you-should-have-seen what we did to the Soviet Union.

Direct threats to the United States during this decade are of several orders. The first and most obvious threat is that posed by the strategic nuclear arsenal of the Soviet Union. An intermediate threat is posed by the capabilities of China, which were it to pursue aggressive preparations could, by mid decade, acquire a menacing nuclear capability. And then there is the threat, down the line, associated with the proliferation of intermediate and long-range missile launchers that can transport nuclear explosives, as also chemical and biological weapons. We know that there are six nations today that have intermediate launch capability, so that, for instance, a missile fired from Iraq could reach Great Britain. There are two problems posed by these developments. The first is to deter proliferation. An unsmilingly direct move in that direction was made by Israel in 1981 when it bombed Iraqi plants plainly designed to create nuclear-explosive material. When the United States detected plants in Libya as plainly designed to produce poison gas, we took no military action, satisfying ourselves with putting pressure on Libya's suppliers, though the year before, we had declared ourselves plainspokenly on the threat to international law and order posed by Qaddafi, dotting our i's and crossing our t's with a military strike that, however, failed to destroy Qaddafi. The lesson: we need to be continuously alert to the problems posed by such weapons, and prepared and equipped to make surgical strikes as required.

We will need to guard against *n*th-power aggression in the event anti-proliferation fails. In the long run we

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are going to have to explore the possibilities of an anti-nuclear technology, which means that we need to take appropriate action in the short run: now. The quarrel over SDI got mixed up, during the 1980s, with strategic ideology. The accommodationists feared, above everything else, disequilibrium; and although they did not succeed in killing SDI, they enfeebled it to the point of delaying until at least the middle of the decade an accumulation of empirical knowledge on whether an anti-missile system would give us effective protection against vagrant missiles. Ideally, we envision a new, universal nuclear umbrella, an enterprise undertaken in partnership with Europe, an enterprise dramatically collusive with the Soviet Union (by whatever name that landmass then calls itself). In any event, the development of protective technology against what used to be called ABC (for "atomic, bacteriological, chemical") aggression is high on our agenda.

### *Freedom's Friend*

DURING THE Seventies, in ambiguous language, we were coaxed back in the Wilsonian direction on America's responsibility for human rights throughout the world by President Carter, and subsequently, though less explicitly, by Presidents Reagan and Bush. During the Sixties, prompted by the tribulation of Vietnam, a significant group of influential Americans abandoned not only our national afflatus as the country whose manifest destiny was to bring democracy to every country in the world, but also any subjective pride in living in a better society than that of Ho Chi Minh, who was bound to win in part because his society was more just than our own, more enviable—who were we to suggest that our way of life was superior?

That self-hatred/self-doubt has substantially modified, though there is a hard academic undertow that continues to disparage America. When we supported democratic forces in the Philippines, effecting the replacement of Ferdinand Marcos, and, several years later, when by a show of military power we prolonged Mrs. Aquino's tenure as democratically elected president, we were not directly engaging in cold-war theater. It was different from our landing the Marines in the Dominican Republic in 1965. The justification given by President Johnson at the time was the same as that given by President Reagan twenty years later when he landed the Marines in Grenada: We would not tolerate another Soviet satellite in the hemisphere over which, as an imperial power, we have primary responsibility, however diplomatic it is to appear at international conferences wearing egalitarian dress. The national anxiety over Nicaragua is based on cold-war reasoning. I.e., we have seen in Nicaragua the attempted Sovietization of a small Central American country, an act of imperialism made possible by arms shipped from Cuba, which arms had been shipped there by the Soviet Union or one of its Eastern European satellites.

Now, if the chain, Moscow–Havana–Managua, is broken in the immediate future, we will adjust our foreign policy accordingly. It is at least predictable that neo-isolationist forces in the United States, mobilized into action by the globalist Communist threat, will now ask the question: Why—if Nicaragua is no longer a salient of an imperialist enemy—should we *care* if its people consent to be enslaved?

The question is one that invites both moral and strategic attention. Moral, in that we have it in our power to prevent such a country as Nicaragua from "enslaving itself" (nicely handled in Spanish usage, by the way, in which the reflexive mode is regularly used, for instance, to inform us that "the teacup broke itself," finessing the question whether it was clumsily pushed over the edge of the table, or whether it decided, entirely on its own, to commit suicide. *Se perdio Nicaragua*). Possessing that power, should we use it? One important element in the American tradition flows from John Quincy Adams's famous statement to the effect that the American people are friends of liberty everywhere, but custodians only of their own. Assuming that the historical coroner gives us, in the 1990s, an authoritative reading of the death of the Soviet imperialist threat, we will be left facing directly the Wilsonian question: What is the nature of our responsibilities for human freedom in the rest of the world? There are people in the United States, though they are not numerous or influential, who would go to the remotest beaches of the world to midwife democracy, most ardently to South Africa. American conservatives are likelier to take differentiated positions on the question. We should continue to distinguish between those nations that can be helped by the exercise of diplomatic muscle (for instance, the Philippines at the time of the Aquino–Marcos crisis), and those that can be helped only by the expenditure of blood-and-muscle. In general, there has been approval of our effort in Panama, though no very large lessons can be drawn from this venture inasmuch as we were clearly motivated by our dislike of one provocatively offensive and

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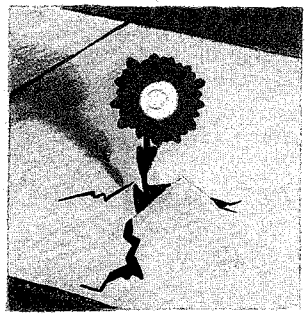
ugly dictator (there was no serious movement to replace Omar Torrijos ten years ago). And although we face a Latin American backlash reflecting traditional opposition to gringo intervention, we are probably vindicated in hemispheric sentiment by the rhapsodic gratitude of the Panamanian people, what one might call the "Grenada effect."

In dealing with other nations, we should temper our rhetoric and adjust our trade policies with some reference to the way in which the governors treat the governed. My own suggestion, published ten years ago in *Foreign Affairs*, is to detach official human-rights groups (the Third Committee members within the UN, the U.S. representative on the UN's Human Rights Commission, the Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights) from government, to which they would cease to have direct accountability, leaving it to them merely to report on the status of freedom in the nations of the world (much as is now done by Freedom House, Amnesty International, and others). In any event, we should be guided by realistic priorities. They are that the safety of our own nation is of paramount concern, and that the strategic relevance of other nations to that concern has to be the operative consideration. But our interest in human rights elsewhere in the world must be manifest and enthusiastic, leaving us the task of developing the appropriate vehicles for expressing our humane involvement in mankind.

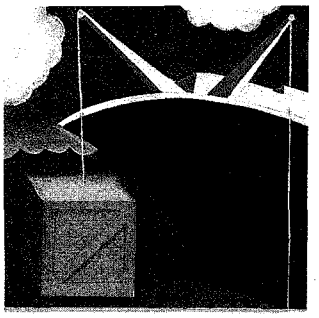
### *A Modest Environmentalism*



ALTHOUGH IT is arresting to hear the professional futurist of *The Economist* exclaim that the problems of Great Britain have almost always turned out to be different from those forecast twenty years earlier, there are, visible, a number of staples. Although it is possible that if oil were to return to the thirty-dollars-plus level, accessible reserves of oil shale would double or even triple existing reserves, a nation as heavily dependent on energy as our own cannot safely count on such a development. We need to encourage a substitute for fossil fuel, not only because we are running out of oil, whatever the touted reserves of the Middle East, but because a wider use of coal as a substitute is offensive to ecology. The way forward would appear to be nuclear power. The most binding scientific superstition of the 1970s had to do with the ineluctable toxicity of nuclear power. The success of the anti-nuclear-power movement has been the most momentous Luddite extravagance of the century. We need to rub our scientists' noses in the consequences of prolonging our ostracism of nuclear power. To do this requires not only the dissemination of knowledge, but cooperative legal action, such as would immunize nuclear-power producers against legal harassment by ideologues.

In this same connection, we will need to keep our eyes on the metaphysical—yes, metaphysical—implications of the environmental movement. It is essentially conservative to conserve, whether we speak of energy or timberland, elephants or bald eagles. But the conservationist movement, in the hands of some who appear to dominate it, sometimes sounds as though the creation of man was an act of aggression against the animal and mineral kingdoms. We know that the regulation of hunting and fishing and mining and timber-cutting is prudent and in most cases necessary. But the creeping imperialism of environmentalism and its hardening axioms are moving us in the direction of a prohibition against everything from the wearing of fur coats to the use of the gas-powered automobile, a form of fanaticism that lies athwart the natural relationships between man, animal, and nature. Against such reductionism conservatives need to contend, by propping up the natural order of priorities while of course remaining sensible to our obligation to preserve the vital organs of our planet.

### *Protectionist Heresy*



THIS IS the primary international economic question. We must cherish the benefits to which we are entitled as a nation, which are the result of a free-market system, an abundance of resources, and a resident population for the most part animated by the work ethic. But it is vital not to identify these factors, which have led to our prosperity, with any Divine warrant granting the United States perpetual economic ascendancy. The most reliable means of measuring our economic slippage is by consulting the marketplace, whose rankings are impersonal. The temptation to tamper with the indices of the market should remind us of the necessity to resist such tampering. The temptation will increase, during the Nineties, to "protect" native industry. To do this is wrong for three reasons. The first is that the cultural effects of protectionism tend to encourage such anomalies as we are familiar with in Japan, a rich nation with poor inhabitants: the perverse effect of protectionist policies. The second is that protectionism cannot, in the long run, work, given that any net economic satisfaction has to reflect the value of the dollar in competition with other currencies. To hide depreciated production behind the veil of tariffs is to subsidize the attrition of the dollar; the results of this are inevitably mischievous, and can be tragic. A third reason for opposing protectionism is moral: to mobilize against the economic ascendancy of poor nations by attempting to exclude their products from the home market is inhibiting not only to the United States consumer but also to prospective economic growth in lands inhabited by—fellow human beings. Tariffs are a



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form of economic warfare, and it is fortunate that the arguments against protectionism blend prudential and moral considerations.

### *Still Losing Ground*

DURING THE Eighties it was established that the high hopes of the Sixties for developing policies that would do away with the American underclass have failed us. They have failed us for reasons most systematically (and eloquently) chronicled by Charles Murray, who goes so far as to speculate that the people we speak of would probably have been better off, using conventional criteria (education, health, obedience to the law, preservation of the family unit), if the government in Washington had taken no measures whatever to federalize welfare.

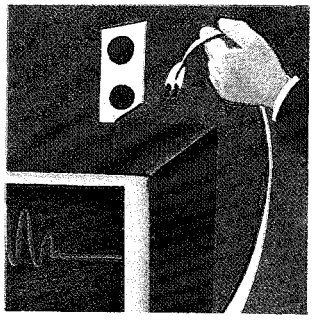
Whether that is so we can never know, but we do know that although there are many exceptions, an underclass is developing which appears to be more static than any other with which, in its lifetime, the United States has contended—with uniform success, excepting only the intransigent problem of the American Indian. In the South Bronx, 83 per cent of the babies born last year were born to unwed mothers in families for which the father takes no responsibility; and some of them lose their mothers weeks, days—even hours—after their birth, to be raised as orphans, if they are not adopted. The phenomenon has got to be viewed as the fruit of policies fueled by a combination of moral liberalism and state compassion.

It is a conservative challenge to fasten concentratedly on the advent of what threatens to be a stationary underclass, and to take measures against the consolidation of that condition. Much that is of an experimental nature needs to be done to encourage upward mobility, but already there are data that would appear to justify two approaches. One is a heavy reorientation of educational policy at the grade-school and high-school levels in the direction of choice. More and more, states are beginning to permit parents to send their children to public schools of their choice. But this is not accomplishing the needed reforms. The alternative of private schooling appears to be essential in order to test the final resources of our system. The "voucher" plan is widely deprecated, both by citizens of egalitarian conviction and by educators who, among other things, quite correctly see in the voucher system a challenge to their own security. The reform needs to be pressed doggedly, and this is especially difficult to accomplish in a society as impatient, as achievement-oriented as our own. We are a people who want to see the recapture of Danang on Monday, the immobilization of the DMZ on Tuesday, and the surrender of North Vietnam on Wednesday. Ask the boat people. But to examine the fruits of alternative education requires several high-school generations. Here and there, on a very small scale, such comparisons have begun, or are being made. It is a duty to celebrate those successes and to widen the experience to include more members of a class that appears now to be tethered to the deteriorated condition of so many of today's public schools.

Whatever else is responsible for the breakup of the family, it is inescapably the case that the official prejudice against religion in education has played a large, perhaps even a decisive role. The Playboy Philosophy, explicitly regnant in the Sixties, may have appealed to the younger generation as the key to hedonism, but hedonism is not the key to happiness, and the wretchedness that blights so many families—white certainly, but predominantly black—has much to do with the nakedness of the public square, in which for generations there were men and women who spoke the language of duty and morality, of loyalty and obligation. And licentious engagements in hedonism are more readily outgrown in the more disciplined classes than in those less self-reliant.

The church/state clause in the First Amendment has effectively been transformed into an instrument of secularization. The time has come, for those who deplore present trends and wish to resist them, to invoke their knowledge of history sufficiently to proclaim that fanatical interpretations of the separation clause of the First Amendment are unrelated to protecting the public from the illusory threat of an established religion. And to go further, to note that the effect of the fanatical interpretation of the separation clause has been to insulate two generations of urban youth from exposure to an ethos whose advocates would have been celebrated as prophetic benefactors of the lower class, if only what they spoke hadn't already been spoken under the aegis of the Bible. Conservatives should be adamant about the need for the reappearance of Judaeo-Christianity in the public square.

### *The Quality of Life*



A POLITICS related to the view of man as a transcendent creature cannot avoid addressing the fundamental questions of human life, which have to do, obviously, with the preservation of life during its normal span. The questions raised in hot dispute around the world focus on the beginning and on the end of life.

The question of abortion divides Americans, and the appropriate means of proceeding politically also divides Americans. Among those who oppose abortion, for instance, there are the latitudinarians who believe that effective moral pressure can only be generated internally. At the other end, there are those who believe



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that the higher moral perception should be written into the law, even as there were those who believed 150 years ago that a flat-out prohibition against slavery was the only tolerable moral mandate. Abraham Lincoln, as we all know, was not among them. And in between are those who believe that existing political mechanisms need to feel pressure, of whatever kind, to move in the correct direction.

Disagreement as to means is not only tolerable but welcome, sharpening the argument as it does, and exploring, to good end, different epistemological techniques. But that there should be an end in common is plain, that end being to gain acceptance of the assertion that some time before the child is born, the child *is*, and that to close out his life is a morally aggressive act, inconsistent with the dignity of life which is the foundation of conservative politics.

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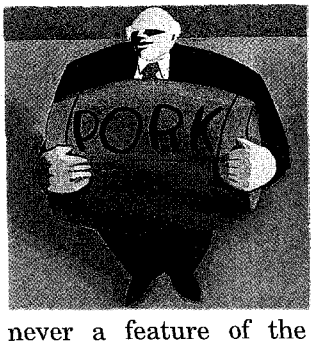
The same consideration should guide us in respect of life at the other end of the compass. This problem is already acute and will grow more so, given the pace at which science succeeds in elongating the time between when man is, so to speak, ready to die, and the time when man will die. The great quarrel will deal with the responsibility of society when there is the clearly expressed will of someone who deems life on earth under his current condition worse than death. We are aware that self-inflicted euthanasia is becoming conventional in the Low Countries of Europe, and we are progressively made aware that medical journeymen often surreptitiously practice euthanasia on their own initiative. What we have not arrived at is an understanding suitable to conservatives who believe in the sacredness of life, but who believe also that there is a point where its prolongation becomes fetishistic, rather than humane. Lively arguments on where the line is, how it is to be drawn, and what are the reasonable presumptions in the absence of coherent instructions from the patient will take place. Conservatives must once again be willing to listen, and to accommodate themselves to reasonable moral compromises provided they are assured that the only agents whose voices will give guidance are those directly involved with the individual as an individual, rather than the individual as a state statistic.

### *Thinking about Drugs*

THE RISING crime rate is substantially related to the consumption of drugs and the continuing prohibition against their sale and purchase. Conservatives do well to be skeptical of radical proposals (the most notable of them in this area: to legalize the sale of drugs). But they should be curious and open-minded as data accumulate, data skeptical about the prospects of our war on drugs, and inquisitive about how the situation would unfold in the event that our war against drugs (because it would still be that, a war against drug abuse) were to proceed under the aegis of legalization. Social hostility to the abuse of drugs (whether alcohol or cocaine) should continue, with the question left open whether more damage—or less—would be done under legalization. At the very least, conservatives should forthrightly reject the proposition that to favor legalization is the equivalent of favoring the use of drugs. It is, moreover, a duty of conservatives to give running attention to the loss of derivative liberties as a result of the general mayhem caused by traffic in illegal drugs, even as it was a duty, and still is, to acknowledge the implicit effects of racial discrimination on the liberty of people discriminated against. The question of how to deal with the drug problem should therefore be considered open, with data reviewed dispassionately.

### *Big Government*




DURING THE coldest days of the cold war, conservatives were frequently taunted as closet statists, opportunizing on their hospitality to joint enterprise of the state and industry, now become a vassal to a military–industrial complex. The taunt was always empty, in that it was never a feature of the conservative faith that the military establishment could efficiently be conducted as private enterprise; and the size of the military was, and continues to be, a response to the perceived threat against the nation, rather than the expression of a gestating appetite for statist growth.

Still, we did get used to large federal numbers, and although Ronald Reagan's Presidency is justly celebrated for having reduced the rate at which federal growth increased, it did in fact continue to increase. Some of that increase was an aspect of federal "entitlements," written into the law by Democratic Congresses and irreversible under Democratic Congresses. Notwithstanding, it is a fair criticism that, with few



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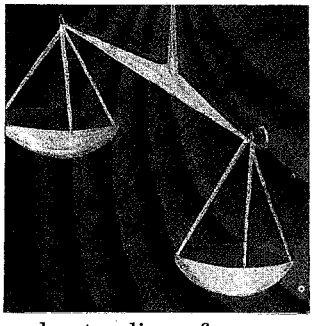
exceptions, less attention was paid than should have been paid to the creeping acquiescence of conservative monitors to the continuing growth of the Federal Government. With this derivative indulgence came a corresponding evanescence of any recognition of, let alone loyalty to, the Ninth and Tenth Amendments, which are there as constitutional beacons warning against shoal waters in approaching omnipotent central government.

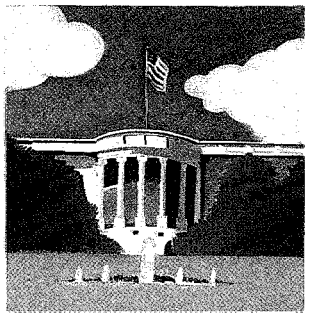
Few of the major political problems we face are unrelated to the size, unmanageability, and roguishness of statist policies. The federal deficit is entirely a product of state activity. The huge subventions we give out (to farmers, to carefree patrons of thrift and banking institutions, to American manufacturers) are deeds of the Federal Government. Child care is now on the starting line of federal offensives. The implicit rationale of state-to-state income transfers has got to be that the relatively affluent states (there are 17) should provide help to the less affluent states (there are 33). That idea is completely lost in a sky made black by crisscrossing dollars. The renewed presumption against centralized government, a presumption reiterated in the doctrine of subsidiarity, needs to be reinvigorated. Conservatives need to guard against the kind of anarchy that sometimes detaches conservative analysis from the real world, bringing on the ridicule fully earned by political solipsists. But if anyone is to warn against the presumptive absorption by the Federal Government of social and federated activity, who questions that this ought to be the responsibility of American conservatives?

### *Tempting Justice*



AND WHO, if not the courts, is responsible for the disappearance of the great constitutional brakes explicit and implicit in the Ninth and Tenth Amendments? The analysis and demonstrations offered by Robert Bork in his book, *The Tempting of America*, are central to the understanding of a wayward judiciary, whose improvisations led Judge Bork to share the fate of the two discarded amendments. It is difficult to deny that the courts are looked upon, by ideologically ambitious legislators, academicians, and journalists, as the agents through which they can hope to advance their policies when it proves impossible democratically to do so by mobilizing an electoral majority. The division brought on by the nomination of Judge Bork, unlike the divisions brought on by the nominations of a half-dozen other judges rejected in recent memory, stays in the mind and will be the locus of constitutional discussion at least through the forthcoming decade, during which the question of original understanding and self-government must be faced on the only possible rational understanding, namely that in the absence of the former, we cannot have the latter. We are self-governed, or we are governed by the courts. A commitment to circumspect behavior by the courts does not, one mentions in passing, endorse a court system instructed only by legal realism, according to which the legislature can ordain the suicide of individual freedom, in contradiction of the implied covenant given us by the Declaration, and the Constitution.

### *An Overmighty Executive?*



CHIEF EXECUTIVES have tended during the past generation to be Republican, and they have on many issues been at loggerheads with a Democratic Congress. The result has been that many conservatives have developed a dangerous attachment to executive supremacy. We need to remind ourselves of the hypothetical possibility that there might some day be a military adventure which we do not endorse. In a federal republic, Congress is the likeliest repository of conservative affinity, the more so since the distribution of power is designed to work to the benefit of the democratic dissenter. The coexistence of equal senatorial rights for Rhode Island and California with the Supreme Court's doctrine of one man, one vote suggests the tension at the constitutional level. The inertial domination of Congress by the Democratic Party has done much to confuse conservative thought, causing it to be spastically pro-executive, which is a misdirection of energy that should be going into electoral reform and a vigorous loyalty to sound congressional representation of conservative views and analyses.

Even as we need to tame the Court, we need to beware the inclination to side with the executive in matters of public dispute over policy. We all know that there is a tendency to be enthusiastic about the authority of the Supreme Court, or less than enthusiastic about that authority, depending on the direction in which the Supreme Court opines. Just as we need to guard against judicial usurpation, we need to guard against executive usurpation. A strong executive can be a necessary, galvanizing force in a pluralistic and cantankerously divided republic, and especially important in an age in which decisive military or paramilitary action can only issue from a Commander-in-Chief. But the executive's authority cannot be supreme, let alone unchallenged. Just as it happened during the Fifties that the Court became an instrument of leftist ideology, so it has happened that the executive, most notably under Franklin Delano Roosevelt, became an instrument of leftist ideology. Conservatives need to revisit such works as James Burnham's *Congress and the American Tradition* and to remind ourselves that Providential absenteeism might at some point in the



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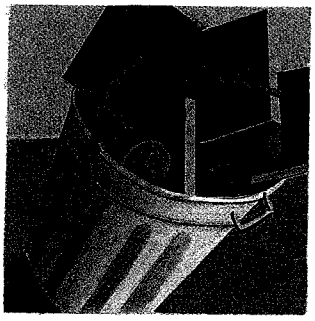
future result in the election of a Democratic President who will enter office citing paeans by conservatives to executive supremacy.

### *Merely Academic*



THE PLIGHT of so many of our colleges and universities reflects the nescience that grips the academic world. It is distressing to reflect that the near-universal rejection of Marxist structure and methods by Eastern European workers and intellectuals is not emulated by our faculties of social science. There is a near-paralysis of reason evident throughout the academic world. The proposition that a college matriculant should be referred to as a "freshperson" suggests the utter imbalance, sociological and aesthetic, of the sponsoring academic class. That a first-rank college should feel obliged to sponsor "Gay–Lesbian Awareness Days" suggests the kind of cultural diffidence that testifies not to tolerance, but to helplessness.

The movements that have closed in around comparable worth, affirmative action, and feminist demands testify not to the wholesome latitudinarianism of the open society, so much as they do to the refusal of society to make wholesome commitments: to natural distinctions and natural inclinations to meritocratic priorities. At the level of higher education, the critique needs urgently to be encouraged, to dissociate genuine tolerance from the kind of faddism that denotes intellectual emptiness and a surrender to ideological academic warlordism. In this struggle the role of the alumni is critical. They must be encouraged to take an intelligent interest in the policies of the colleges they support, infusing jolts of sanity and realism into campuses in which academic and even social mores appear to be uninformed by deliberate thought.

### *E Pluribus Unum*

CONSERVATIVES should explore with concern, all the more so as the threat to the national security reduces and with it the need for a military of two million young Americans, the dissipating bonds of social cohesion. It has been thirty years since Robert Nisbet posited the need of the quest for community. The factionalism of modern politics militates against the recognition of common interests. These interests conservatives need to investigate, in search of the attenuating ties that bind us together. Whether the time has come to revisit the idea of national service is a question that should be explored without the rancor associated with traditionalist opposition. That any such service, if adopted, should be voluntary, and substantially the creature of individual states, should be conservative stipulations. But the idea should be explored, in particular at a time when high and illegal immigration, and the factionalism elsewhere spoken of, encourage centrifugal forces in our culture. The republic we give our loyalty to, which many Americans have died defending, has to attract continuing affection and pride, and such affection and pride are nurtured by reciprocal service. The republic guarantees us our liberty, and we revivify the spirit that generates the desire for liberty. To do this it is required that the sense of community be stimulated. A conservative challenge is to seek out ways by which the beneficiaries of our patrimony acknowledge their debt to it and feel the need to requite that which we enjoy. As some would put it, there is no such thing as a free lunch. Neither is there such a thing as free liberty. □

ADVICE AND DISSENT

They're contentious and contagious. They're the McLaughlin Group. (clockwise from left) Jack Germond, Eleanor Clift, John McLaughlin, Fred Barnes, Morton Kondracke, and Pat Buchanan.
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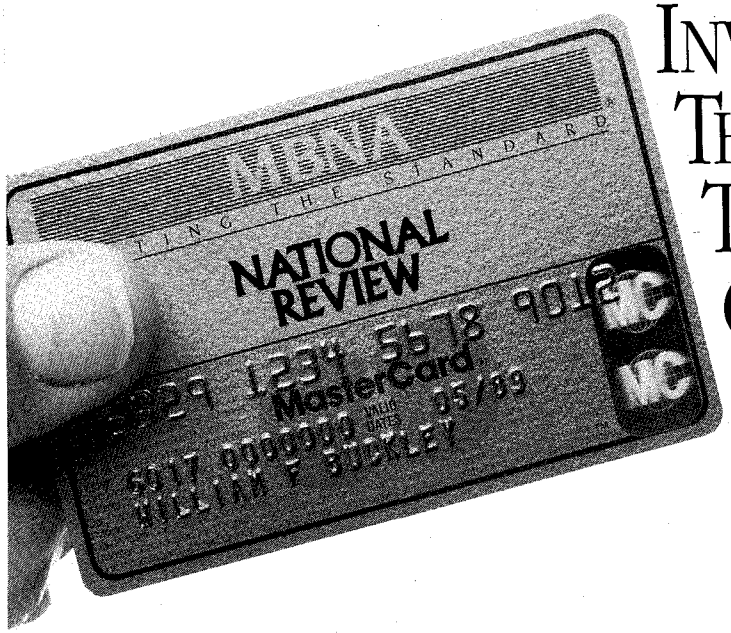


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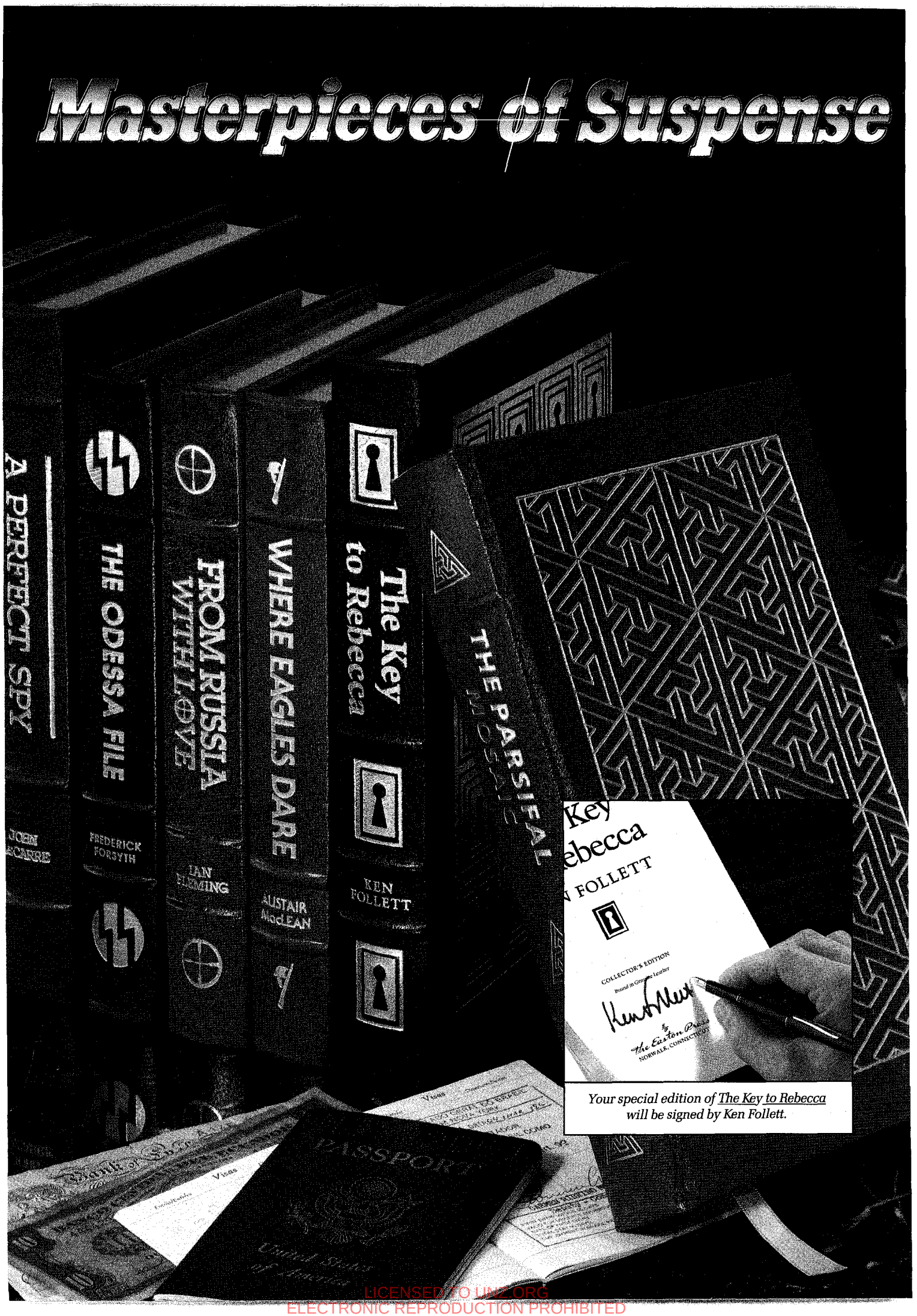


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THE McMARTIN CASE

# Protecting the Innocent

DOUGLAS J. BESHAROV

IT WAS BIG news when Raymond Buckey and his 63-year-old mother were acquitted of sexually abusing children in the McMartin Preschool, not just because of the distress we all feel about the abuse of children, but because most Americans assumed that the defendants were guilty and that the legal system had fouled up again. *Saturday Night Live* captured the spirit: It described a picture of Peggy McMartin Buckey wiping a tear from her eye when she heard the jury's verdict as: "Mrs. Buckey molesting her eye."

The media coverage suggested that the Buckeys got off on some technicality. That's not what happened. As the comments of the jurors made plain, the only evidence against the Buckeys was the children's statements, and their credibility had been undermined by a series of investigative and prosecutorial missteps.

The jury simply felt that there was not enough reliable evidence to decide whether the children had actually gone through the horrible things they described—or imagined them following the unintentional prompting of adult investigators and therapists. One juror explained: "If we had not seen those tapes [of the children being interviewed], I would have been able to believe their testimony a little more." Many experts agree.

This is not the same as saying that the Buckeys have had their innocence established beyond any doubt; but it is farther from saying they are guilty. Few acquittals *do* establish innocence beyond a doubt; what they establish is innocence in law. Still, we may never know what really happened at the McMartin Preschool.

But there is little question about what happened after the investigation began. As the presiding judge said, the case "poisoned everyone who had contact with it." Everyone suffered—the children, who twice went through weeks of cross-examination (not to mention years of unresolved tension); the parents, who shared their children's hurt; the investigators, therapists, and prosecutors, who will never know whether their mistakes led to the legal debacle; and the defendants, who were convicted by the media on the day of their arrest and who spent years in jail without a trial.

THERE ARE a number of lessons to be learned from the McMartin case which would help prevent a replay of this tragedy. And, although they may make us uncomfortable, it is important to identify them.

1. *Parents and other adults must be alert to the possibility of child abuse, but the threat should not be exaggerated.* Sexual abuse of children is a serious national problem. Anyone's child could be abused by a child-care worker, a teacher, a custodian at a day-care center, a baby-sitter, an older sibling of a playmate, or even a relative. But the danger needs to be kept in perspective. According to a study for the U.S. National Center on Child Abuse and Neglect, children are much less likely to be abused in day care than by their own parents. And that danger is itself sometimes exaggerated.

Media coverage of individual cases, though, often leaves the impression that child molesters are lurking everywhere. At the height of the McMartin hysteria, national magazines had cover stories on how to tell whether a day-care center posed a threat of sexual abuse. Keeping a watchful eye for signs of possible abuse is a reasonable response to the risk; being fearful and suspicious of all centers is not.

2. *Children must be encouraged to tell about being sexually abused, but inappropriate interviewing techniques can undermine the credibility of their statements.* Again we must keep a balanced approach. For too long, revulsion toward acts of sexual abuse prevented adults from seeing what was happening to innocent children. When children came forward seeking protection, too often they were not believed; many were punished. In cases of sexual abuse, where there are often no witnesses and only ambiguous physical indicators, the child's statements may be the only real evidence. So children should be questioned whenever there seems to be a possibility of abuse. And any description of being abused should be pursued vigorously—but with an open mind.

Some experts assert that "children never lie." This is simply false. Like some adults, some children lie, exaggerate, or fantasize. There is always the danger that a child's description of being maltreated is untrue.

As the McMartin case demonstrates, for young children, the basic issue is whether an interviewer has used leading or suggestive techniques to implant a distorted or untrue version of such abuse in the child's mind. One judge explained how the untrue accusations in a case before him were probably the result of "layers and layers of interviews, questions, examinations. . . . Because the children now believe that such abuse occurred, they are unable to separate the facts from the learned experience, and, consequently, their behavior is just the same as if they were abused."

In another case, a three-year-old child told an adult that some candy had fallen into her underpants. By the time an investigator interviewed her, the candy in the underpants had become a candle in the vagina. It took many months to establish that her initial statement had been accurate and that the candle story was the result of a sequence of adult misinterpretations which eventually became imbedded in the child's memory.

3. *Horrifying tales of widespread sexual abuse and satanic rituals should make us skeptical, even if they make titillating reading.* Initial reports about McMartin highlighted disgusting tales of animal murder and bizarre behavior which, for months, were reported as true, not only by the tabloids, but by our most respected news organizations. In 1984, for example, on ABC's newsmagazine *20/20*, reporter Tom Jarriel referred to

*Mr. Besharov is a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute and was the first director of the U.S. National Center on Child Abuse and Neglect. His new book,* Recognizing Child Abuse, *will be published this spring by Free Press.*



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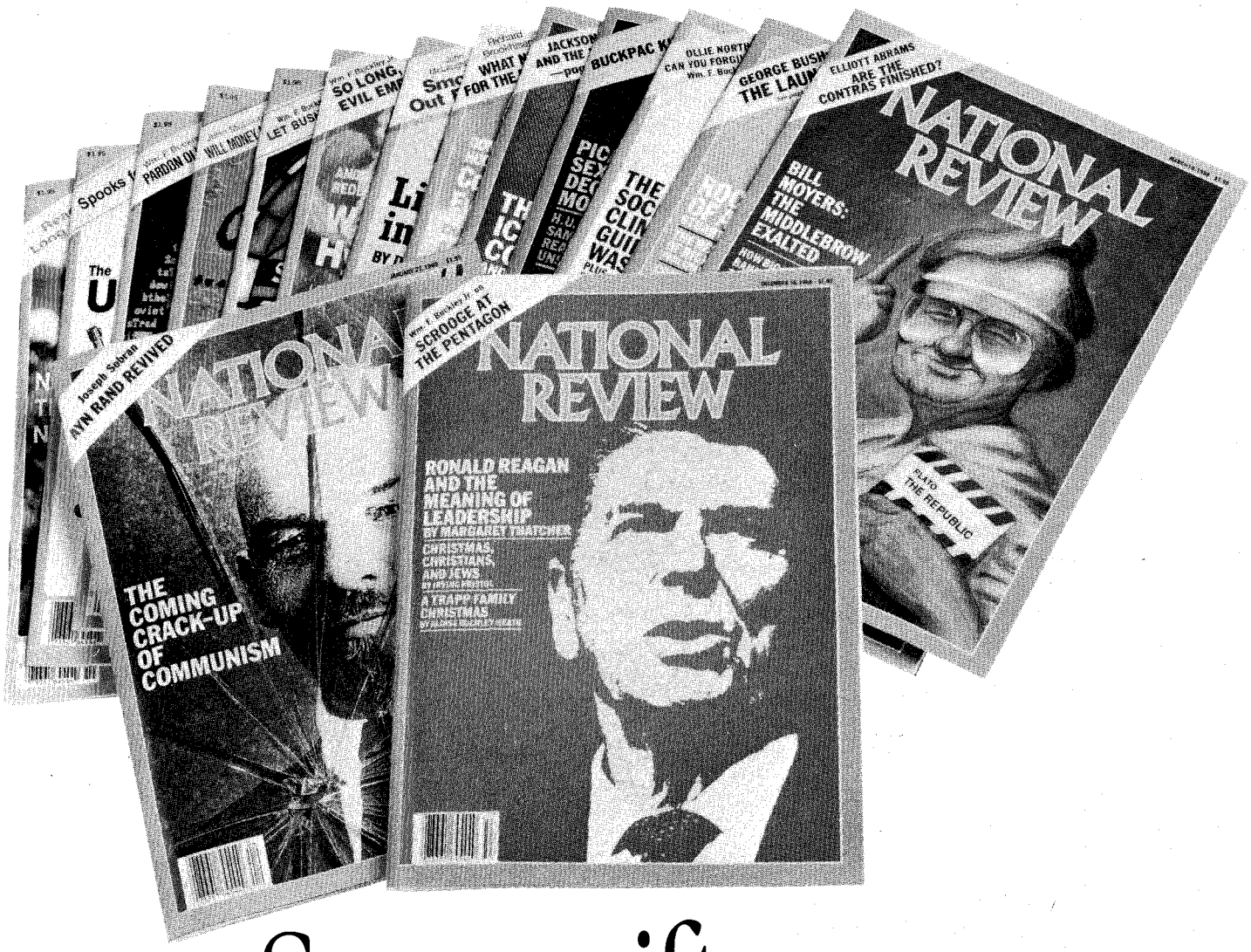


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the preschool as "a sexual house of horrors."

It's easy to see why the media emphasized the most sensational aspects of the case. As *The New Republic*'s "TRB" explained, "A lot of the graphic horror stories in the press are little more than child porn, published or broadcast because editors and producers want to titillate. And when they're not being salacious, the media is being mawkish, which sells almost as well."

Even when the McMartin investigation failed to corroborate the children's grisly but apparently imaginary allegations, few asked whether that meant the assumptions underlying the entire case should be re-examined. One child, for example, testified in the preliminary hearing that he was taken to a cemetery, where he was forced to help dig up a coffin and watch as the body was cut up with knives. Another child testified at the actual trial that he saw Ray Buckey kill a horse with a bat. Uncorroborated as they were, such outlandish stories should have given us pause.

4. *The McMartin acquittals do not mean that we have to abandon due process of law and the presumption of innocence in order to protect children.* As a former prosecutor in the New York City Family Court, I can attest to how excruciatingly hard it can be to prove abuse. In recent years, concern about the difficulty of proving child sexual abuse has led most states to relax the rules of evidence and legal procedures in these cases. Many of these changes have been needed to modernize the law, but some have ignored the defendant's right to a fair trial and are being struck down by the courts. There is a real danger that the McMartin acquittal will lead to even more extreme laws that compromise the rights of the innocent as well as the guilty.

McMartin serves as a primer of how *not* to investigate child abuse. Criticism has already focused on the videotaped interviews of the children by social workers who, with leading questions, pressed the children to describe what happened to them. But problems actually started much earlier—when the police, after receiving the first report of possible abuse at the preschool, sent a letter to the families of two hundred current and former students that read: "Please question your child to see if he or she has been a witness to any crime or if he or she has been a victim." "Our investigation indicates that possible criminal acts include: oral sex, fondling of genitals, buttock, or chest area, and sodomy, possibly committed under the pretense of 'taking the child's temperature.'" The letter went on to imply that Ray Buckey was the perpetrator.

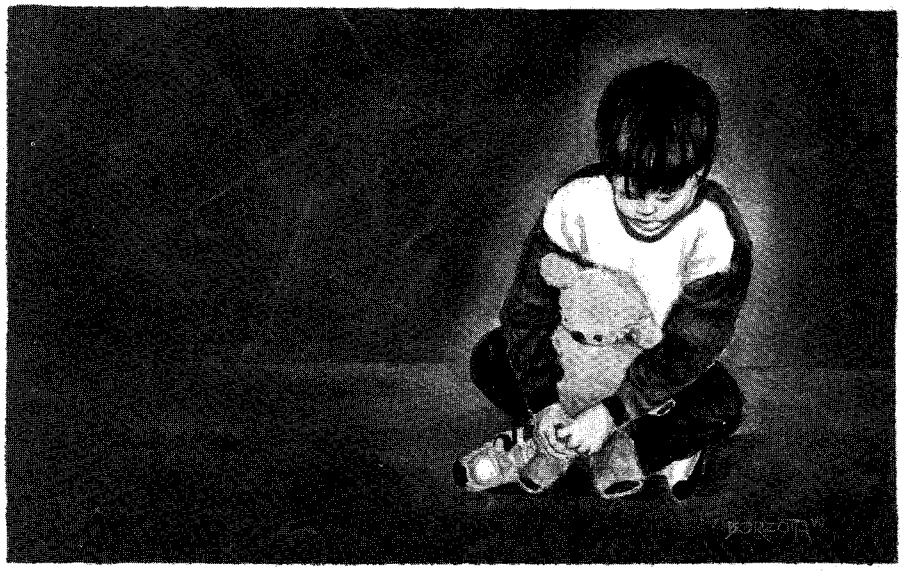
In February 1985, the U.S. Justice Department convened a meeting of prosecutors and police investigators to assess the implications of the rash of failed child-sexual-abuse prosecutions. Their conclusion? That law-enforcement agencies had not been trained for these cases and had made many mistakes, compromising their case at the outset. Since then, these agencies have become much more adept at handling these cases—and there have been hundreds of successful prosecutions.

5. *The American jury remains our most steadfast protection against overzealous law enforcement.* It is hard to imagine a case in which untried defendants stood more unequivocally convicted by the media and the public. A "lynch-mob syndrome" is what the *Los Angeles Times* called it.

In recent years, our jury system has been much criticized for being old- fashioned and inefficient. But in watching juries at work in controversial cases like this one, one cannot help being impressed by their ability to avoid the passions of the day and to weigh the evidence fairly. The *Washington Post* editorialized: "Natural sympathies in the case were all on the side of the children, yet the jurors were able to weigh the children's testimony dispassionately and with appropriate concern about the influence adults might have exerted." We should strengthen the jury by making it easier for people with jobs and families to serve.

6. *There must be greater accountability for abuses of prosecutorial discretion.* The day after Peggy McMartin Buckey was acquitted, she sued almost everyone associated with the case, including ABC television. But she did not sue the district attorney, even though that office was most responsible for what happened. Prosecutors have absolute legal immunity for their decisions.

It is necessary to protect prosecutors from liability because the fear of a lawsuit might chill their decision making. Yet, Peggy Buckey spent almost two years in jail; her son nearly five years.



Joseph Borzotta

And there have been suggestions that electoral politics played a role in the DA's decisions. Whatever happened in this particular case, there is no doubt that prosecutors are too easily tempted to overreach in cases likely to make the evening news. Depending on the jurisdiction, state attorneys general, appellate courts, and bar associations have supervisory authority over prosecutors. These institutions should be more receptive to citizen complaints of wrongful or bad-faith prosecution.

PROTECTING CHILDREN from sexual abuse requires more than good intentions. It requires skilled professional intervention, scrupulous attention to due process, and common sense. For the sake of all concerned, let's hope that that is one lesson that has been learned. □



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# A Decent, Befuddled Man

JEFFREY HART

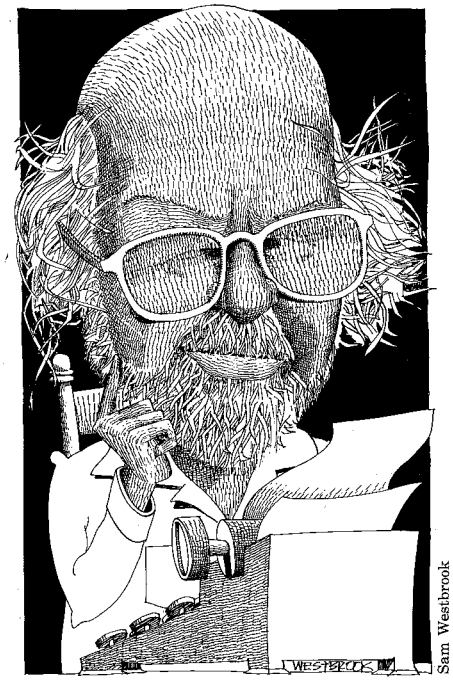
WILLIAM L. SHIRER, here consciously bidding us farewell at age 85, is a phenomenon to give one pause. He is a great reporter, a man who was situated at the epicenter of the twentieth-century convulsion. He has lived intensely in his time. He has had marvelous energy and animal spirits. He has been an indefatigable diarist, mining successful books from his daily log—*Berlin Diary*, of course, and also his three-volume autobiography, of which this is the final volume. His *Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* (1960) is an important book, weaving his personal impressions of the period into solid research. It represents a serious achievement in the great tradition of narrative history.

But now we come to the but. Mr. Shirer is a famous and successful writer who can't write. He claims to admire the great writers, Stendhal, Chekhov, Dickens, Sophocles, Shakespeare, and many others; and one must believe that he really does admire them, but just why he does so we cannot infer from his own prose. In fact, his literary judgments are often simple-minded or worse. For example, he thinks Carl Sandburg's biography of Lincoln a very fine work indeed; but Edmund Wilson was on the mark when he observed that Sandburg's book was the worst thing that had happened to Lincoln since John Wilkes Booth.

***Twentieth Century Journey: A Native's Return, 1945–1988, by William L. Shirer (Little, Brown, 484 pp., $24.95)***

The verbal banality is pervasive. Each Shirer sentence creates a small lesion of energy in the reader, a sort of installment on death itself. "What good three thousand years of so-called civilization, of religion, philosophy, and education, when right up to the 1980s, as this was being written, men go on torturing, killing, and repressing their fellow men? In fact, was there not a retrogression here?"

This prose is not exactly illiterate. Indeed, downright illiteracy would be a relief in comparison. Shirer's prose is sicklied over by the pale cast of junk thought and bogus profundity. His *métier* is the secondary cliché; not the outright howler, but the deadly cliché nevertheless. "But after nearly half a century of existence have you come any closer to solving the riddle of life? Its meaning? Purpose? I doubted it." During the Blitz, England was "fighting for its life." We live in "an ever changing world." Zounds! As Wilde said, you would have to have a heart of stone to read the death of Little Nell without laughing.



Sam Westbrook

This third volume covers Shirer's life after World War II, and there is much here of interest. For example, he was sacked by Bill Paley and Ed Murrow at CBS because his radio commentaries were too far left. But how far left was he in fact? We do not learn in this book what they objected to. It would be interesting to know. Throughout this book, Shirer's opinions seem conventionally New Deal liberal. He detests Soviet Communism. He supported the Korean War. But wait. He can write that Paul Robeson was "under suspicion of being a 'Red.'" Hmm. Suspicion? Robeson made no bones about it. He was a conspicuous defender of Josef Stalin.

Shirer's friends and neighbors in rural Connecticut during the period covered by this volume were virtually all left-liberal, which he seems to think is mainstream. His close friend Joseph Barnes, for example, then a senior editor at Simon and Schuster, was almost certainly a Communist. Another neighbor, Mark Van Doren, in 1948 supported Henry Wallace, and liked to remark to his Columbia students that Stalin's Russia was "just like" Elizabethan England. Shirer has no perceptions about all of this. It is symptomatic of his smugness that he can offhandedly refer to the "reactionary NATIONAL REVIEW," as if we all routinely shared his definitions. (*NR*'s economics could arguably be called "progressive.") It comes as no surprise that almost all Shirer's British friends are Labor-left; he seems nonplussed by Margaret Thatcher.

Shirer's energy and appetite for anecdote, however, often provide resuscitation. He does not have a first-rate mind, very far from it, but he is a first-rate gossip—and gossip, by the way, is generically conservative and comedic. Thus, as Shirer recounts, Rebecca West and H. G. Wells had been lovers, but Wells decided he wanted to marry a Russian named Moura Budberg, who was a lover of Maxim Gorky. Shirer remembers "sitting up all night with Moura to hear her recount the night in 1936 that Maxim Gorky died in his dacha outside of Moscow. She was with him. And she believed that he was poisoned by Stalin, who could no longer stomach Gorky's refusal to support fully his bloody dictatorship. Again, as after the Bolshevik Revolution in 1917, which had caught her in Petrograd, she was forced to flee in the dead of night. Stalin would surely kill her, to silence her, if he could find her. She somehow made her way safely out of Russia."

There are energies here that survive even a clunker like "in the dead of night." □



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# Who Guards the Guardians?

ANGELO M. CODEVILLA

THIS BOOK faithfully reflects "the best thinking" of the liberal establishment about nuclear strategy and its place in American politics. It has three parts: a résumé of the struggles from President Truman's time until 1980 over how to match U.S. nuclear weapons to Soviet targets; an account of how the SDI debate transcended those struggles, although only rhetorically; and a series of reflections on the role of "the professionals" who, the author claims, secretly kept policymaking on an even keel as public controversies raged. These parts are unified by a single thesis: There has been a contradiction between actual plans and policies, and the so-called "declaratory policy," which is what politicians have said about nuclear strategy in order to keep public support. The author argues that because in recent years this dichotomy has both grown and become exposed, something must be done to bring words and deeds together. Despite some ambiguity, she clearly comes down on the side of "the professionals"—a/k/a bureaucrats.

***Guardians of the Arsenal: The Politics of Nuclear Strategy, by Janne E. Nolan (New Republic Books, 320 pp., $21.50)***

It must be said that valuable lessons are here to be learned, although not necessarily those the author intended, and although they are buried in a poorly written, statistically inaccurate book. Instead of facts and figures the reader gets innumerable opinions by "experts," the juxtaposition of which forms the argument. There is no "ground truth" to which the reader can refer. Worse yet, Miss Nolan's language reflects the obscurantist rites of the liberal tribe: Meaningful anti-missile defense is impossible because of "the laws of physics." Which ones? How?

But what of the lessons? Liberals were never terribly proud of the policy of Mutual Assured Destruction (MAD). During the middle and late McNamara years—1963 to 1968—when this view of things was becoming dogma in the defense establishment, it was treated as suitable only for private discussion among initiates. Only briefly in the aftermath of the SALT I and ABM treaties of 1972 did the establishment try to convince large audiences that perpetual mutual vulnerability was a hard-won conquest of skillful negotiators and weaponeers, and that, as John Newhouse put it, "killing weapons is bad, killing people is good." But Gerard Smith's and Henry Kissinger's speeches on the subject proved to be political liabilities, and by the late 1970s the establishment line had changed: mutual vulnerability was the ineluctable consequence of the invention of nuclear weapons, and American strategic planners had always done the best they could, within the narrow constraints of technology, to safeguard civilians.

Miss Nolan's book repeats this later theme, arguing, in effect, that the policy of MAD never really existed. It was just a rhetorical device by which McNamara made the point that the U.S. already had *enough* nuclear weapons. The book describes in some detail McNamara's counterforce policies of 1961 and 1962 (our weapons should be used primarily to defeat the Soviet Union's weapons), and then skips over most of McNamara's people-killing policies, asserting that counterforce was McNamara's true legacy. This is historical legerdemain worthy of the Soviet Academy of Sciences.

Yet if the crucial strategic question of the 1960s really was, Should the United States acquire the equipment for destroying Soviet missiles in their silos? then McNamara's decisions about specific missiles and warheads added up to a firm *no*, because the Poseidon and the Minuteman III were not given the combination of nuclear yield and accuracy necessary for the job. And this was not due to any technological deficiency. Look at the Soviet Union. Soviet missiles—especially the SS-9—were initially less accurate than ours, but made up for that with truly huge yields. As Soviet accuracy went up, yields came down, but the combination of yield and accuracy produced a constant 90 per cent probability of killing a U.S. missile silo with one shot. The Soviet missile force today has some seven thousand warheads with that capacity. The U.S. force has exactly five hundred, while our most numerous weapon is of a very different sort. At McNamara's behest, the Poseidon was designed to carry up to 14 nuclear bomblets of forty kilotons with an accuracy of about one-third of a mile. Those who say MAD was never "really" U.S. policy must deal with the fact that although the Poseidon can be used for a variety of purposes, its optimal use is for spreading a twenty-pound-per-square-inch overpressure above urban areas. It is a city killer, whereas against a Soviet silo, the Poseidon stands about a 4 per cent chance of success.

But in terms of various hardware options, the book's (and the establishment's) worries are behind the times. It hardly matters any more how many counterforce warheads the U.S. has, since Soviet reserve missiles are rapidly moving onto roads and rails. It is another measure of the author's ignorance that she takes uncritically the Air Force assertion that manned bombers roaming Soviet territory are the answer to Soviet mobile missiles. This is a sales pitch for the B-2 directed at unsophisticates. The Air Force itself does not take seriously the idea of stealth bombers (and non-existing stealth tankers) crisscrossing a defended Eurasian continent for days at a time, picking off missile-carrying trains and trucks.

The book accurately shows the defense establishment's lively worry that the public has caught on that while U.S. strategic policy may please contractors, bureaucratic interests within the Pentagon, the arms-control lobby, and the *New York Times*, it will not take care of the American people in case of war. The book is downright eloquent in describing the terror that seized the defense establishment when Ronald Reagan took to television to tell the American people that they were not well defended, and that he *would* defend them. The establishment quickly ridiculed him, but found that most Americans preferred Reagan's message (including SDI) to theirs.

Paradoxically, SDI died precisely because of the way Reagan handled it—specifically because he did nothing to control those within the executive branch who wanted no part of it. The

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program was smothered in the dark by the "guardians of the arsenal," Air Force generals and Pentagon bureaucrats with an interest in cutting out competition for funds.

For conservatives, the question is, How did the Administration manage to parlay some $17 billion over six years, and overwhelming support in the polls, into a program that has changed exactly nothing in U.S. defense policy, and has produced not one weapon capable of defending against one missile? The book provides some answers. Neither Ronald Reagan nor any of his principal appointees had the slightest interest in changing policy. They did not even try to learn what weapons we do have, and what they could do if used. Much less did they agonize over alternatives. Indeed, they actively resisted becoming intellectually involved. Thus they were never able to do more than speak about strategic defense in the most general terms.

The "Star Wars" programs were no panacea, but they would have provided concrete, finite complications for any Soviet counterforce strike, and significant but unquantifiable protection for the American people. These programs were based on the commonsense principle "do what you can today with what is available today, and tomorrow do the same." But a panacea was precisely what the Administration was looking for. Hence, it listened only to talk of grand, comprehensive solutions whose effectiveness against future Soviet countermeasures would be guaranteed. Plenty of people—Edward Teller and Lowell Wood foremost among them—were touting these grand schemes and denigrating lesser stuff. Alas, all such schemes had one thing in common: They could not be built just now, only researched.

Moreover, Reagan's faith in panaceas was matched by his faith in the military bureaucracy that was to bring them about. He simply handed his vision of perfect protection over to a bureaucracy that made no secret of hating any kind of anti-missile defense—perfect or imperfect. Miss Nolan marvels at the fact that no knowledgeable, determined advocates of anti-missile defenses were ever appointed to positions in the Pentagon from which they could make weapons happen. Ironically, the Administration's panacea-seeking played directly

Lisa Haney

into the hands of the guardians of the arsenal. The President's absolutism empowered them to write standards of performance that disqualified all existing technology. Under those guidelines, they could pocket the money for their favorite research projects, while at the same time making sure that the program would never move into production and become a budgetary threat to other programs.

This in turn played into the hands of outright opponents of the program: In study after prestigious study they pointed out that SDI was incapable of meeting its own standards. From this they drew their public conclusion that "the laws of physics" prohibit anti-missile defense. Conservatives would fight the battle by arguing that perhaps in the future the standards might be met. Meanwhile the program items which had promised panacea—first the X-ray laser and then the ground-based free-electron laser with space relays—crashed of their own weight. By 1986, the SDI office had shifted to more modest goals. But it did not repudiate the intellectual structure which, by then, had robbed it of credibility.

Politically, the SDI program transformed the question from "Are you for or against defense weapons?" to "Are you for or against SDI?" This, together with a President who always compromised on SDI funding and never, unlike John Kennedy with the moon program, set dates for hardware, proved to be a boon to anti-defense liberals. They could vote for SDI while effectively working with the Pentagon and the President's legislative liaison to destroy it.

The book's most poignant image is of Ronald Reagan in 1987 at the Martin Marietta Company standing by a mockup of the Zenith Star chemical laser, promising the workers that they were not building "a bargaining chip," even as his chief arms-control advisor, Paul Nitze, was talking to the Soviets about limiting it, and the Pentagon was about to administer the coup de grace. Even more ironic is the fact that the chemical laser might have been in orbit by 1987 had the Reagan Administration not opposed it so strenuously in favor of a "comprehensive" SDI.

In sum, this is a sad story. The most interesting element is this: America remains without the means of destroying Soviet missiles on the ground and in the air because a set of bureaucrats —Janne Nolan mentions some who still "serve" Secretary of Defense Cheney—have proved more able than their political masters. □

# An Unquiet Ghost

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

PEGGY NOONAN, who spent two years as one of Ronald Reagan's speechwriters, and subsequently rendered outstanding service to George Bush at the turning point of his presidential candidacy, is a tough, talented, and savvy lady. But in page after page of her memoir, *What I Saw at the Revolution*, she also comes across as a prima donna, a veritable Maria Callas of ghostwriters, both in talent and in temper. Small wonder that her White House years were characterized by as much acrimony as acclaim.

Not that Miss Noonan lacked grounds for frustration. Some of her less able male colleagues obviously resented her and did their best to trip her up. And several more fair-minded

***What I Saw at the Revolution: A Political Life in the Reagan Era, by Peggy Noonan (Random House, 346 pp., $19.95)***



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*— Joseph Sobran, Senior Editor National Review*

Every month when I receive *MediaWatch*, I can just see and hear the leftwingers in the major media gnashing their teeth. Bravo to *MediaWatch* for exposing the hypocrisy in so much of what's going on among the 'news' business in our time."

*— Senator Jesse Helms*

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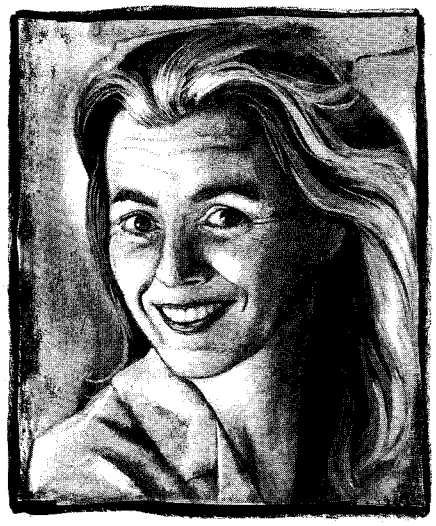
members of the senior staff were appalled by what they came to view as her canine taste for publicity. Speechwriters—and especially presidential speechwriters—are paid to write speeches, not to take bows. Too often, Miss Noonan seemed to revel in playing Edgar Bergen to Ronald Reagan's Charlie McCarthy. She posed for illustrations in *Esquire* in an article that identified her, while still on the job, as the woman who put words in the President's mouth. Poor form though this was by traditional standards, Miss Noonan had, at least, actually written the speeches she took credit for. This has not been true of everyone in that position. As she says: "in the White



Tim Bower

House . . . people lied with gay abandon, and I was constantly taken aback. Actually, I'm still taken aback."

Me too, Peggy. As Ronald Reagan's director of speechwriting from 1981 to 1983, long before your arrival on the scene, I witnessed more than one case of filched credits, including a memorable column in the *New York Times* in which William Safire, fueled by a false leak, attributed the "Everyday American Hero" theme in Mr. Reagan's 1982 State of the Union to the wrong writer. Although the actual creator of that line (and the final rewriter of the address), I made no effort to get a correction; I thought the ploy had played well but was just a little corny, and when the next few State of the Union addresses ran the device into the ground, I was more than happy to preserve my anonymity.

Fortunately, there is a lot more to Miss Noonan's book than abundant excerpts of her speechwriting. When not settling scores, she shares real, if sometimes overdrawn, insights about what it is like to work in the White House and on a presidential campaign. Long before most people, she understood what makes George Bush tick, which was why she was able to sculpt his New Orleans acceptance speech to perfection, crafting it into the ideal medium for introducing the "real" George Bush, with his personal and professional strengths and virtues, to a hitherto uncertain electorate. In this alone, Peggy Noonan made a lasting contribution to American politics. Despite her ambivalence about the current President's well-bred WASP origins, and her emotional identity with the former President's humbler, Irish-American roots, she is much clearer about George Bush.

The faults of *What I Saw at the Revolution* are those of a talented writer whose hyperbole and emotion sometimes outpace her sense of proportion. At one point, swept away by her gift of the gush, she actually says that Ronald Reagan "was to popular politics what Henry James was to American literature. He was the master." Besides being a silly analogy, this is probably a great deal more flattering to James than to Reagan.

"His whole career, in fact, was proof of the superior power of goodness to gifts," our Peggy oozes. "'No great men are good men,' said Lord Acton, who was right, until Reagan." Perhaps Jeane Dixon, whom Miss Noonan cites in another context, would be kind enough to pass this revelation on to the shades of George Washington, Thomas Aquinas, and a few of history's other great and presumably good men.

In the end, despite all her adulation and analysis, Peggy Noonan still is baffled by the "inner" Ronald Reagan. She posits childhood family traumas, a Depression upbringing, and the merging of theatrical illusion with symbolic reality to explain this most likable yet self-contained of public men. He both attracts and bewilders her, as he has most of us who had the experience of working with him. What Miss Noonan does appreciate—and recounts at delightful length—is her favorite boss's Hibernian sense of humor, a gift and addiction she shares, and one that wins her back the reader's affection again and again despite her forays to wilder, less rewarding shores.

At her worst, Peggy Noonan fits the last line of Marianne Moore's *Spenser's Island*: "I am troubled, I'm dissatisfied, I'm Irish." At her best, she brings an Irish wit, whimsey, and intuition to the human side of politics, and the follies and foibles of that grossest if not greatest of games, statecraft. □

*Mr. Bakshian served as a speechwriter to Presidents Nixon, Ford, and Reagan. A member of the National Council on the Humanities, he writes and broadcasts on politics, history, and the arts.*

# Sleep Walk

JAKE MORRISSEY

When the Egyptian writer Naguib Mahfouz won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1988—the first Arab writer to be so honored—it wasn't owing to his world-wide reputation. In fact, in the United States, Mahfouz had virtually no reputation at all; few critics and fewer readers had ever heard of him. The *New York Times* reported that when the Swedish Academy of Letters disclosed that Mahfouz had been given the Nobel, those who had gathered in Stockholm for the announcement "dispersed quietly and quickly. One said later that she and others had immediately gone searching for copies of Mr. Mahfouz's writings in local bookstores. They eventually found a copy of a work first published in 1957 that was on a sale rack in a store that specialized in used books."

***Palace Walk, by Naguib Mahfouz (Doubleday, 498 pp., $22.95)***

U.S. publishers of the 78-year-old writer's works no doubt hope that situation will change. At least three of Mahfouz's books recently have been published in new editions, and William M. Hutchins and Olive E. Kenny's smooth translation of *Palace Walk*,

*Mr. Morrissey, a former editor, is a freelance writer in New York.*



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the first volume of the *Cairo Trilogy*, his masterwork, was published here last month. Soon American readers will be able to experience what the Swedish Academy called "works rich in nuance—now clear-sightedly realistic, now evocatively ambiguous."

Whether Mahfouz's books measure up to such praise is open to question, however. He has been called "the Dickens of the Cairo cafés." Sadly, *Palace Walk* lacks the verve and structure that made Dickens so readable.

*Palace Walk* takes place in Cairo during and just after World War I. Unlike Dickens, who relished weaving disparate threads of the London social fabric into a coherent whole—as he did in *Bleak House* and *Our Mutual Friend*—Mahfouz is content to focus on one family. Dickens's mastery of the dynamics of plot and motivation braid a richly hued carpet, full of deep color and captivating intricacy. Mahfouz satisfies himself with the literary equivalent of a rather bland needlepoint seat cover.

Admirers of *Palace Walk* no doubt will argue that Mahfouz is not really interested in telling a good yarn; he's writing about Egypt, and his characters are metaphors for parts of the Egyptian psyche. The argument is valid, but it begs the question: Without a framework that would compel the reader through the novel, *Palace Walk* is more like a well-written forced march than a pleasure trip.

Mahfouz seems fascinated by the details of his characters' lives, at the expense of all else. In this nearly five-hundred-page novel, dialogue is secondary to minutiae about the family's intellectual, moral, and spiritual lives. Mahfouz adheres to the diamond-cutting school of writing: he cuts and polishes his themes into facets that refract and illuminate. His vision is clear, his characters fully realized, his images lingering. What's lacking is a solid plot, the perfect setting to complement the stone he's cut. It's simply not there.

Perhaps the deliberate pace of *Palace Walk* reflects the period in which it is set: After all, in Cairo at the turn of the century, traditions were intractable, social reforms unheard of, male dominance unquestioned. Many women, for example, weren't allowed to be seen in public. (At one point in *Palace Walk*, when a young police officer who has seen one of the daughters at a window proposes marriage, her father, ignorant of what has happened, is thunderstruck. "How can this officer ask for the hand of Aisha despite the fact that no one has seen her?" he shouts. "No daughter of mine will marry a man until I am satisfied that his primary motive for marrying her is a sincere desire to be related to me . . . me . . . me . . . me.")

Mahfouz apparently isn't bothered by his inconsistent plotting. When a translator expressed concern over some repetition in one of Mahfouz's novels, Mahfouz is said to have laughed, pointed to the Nile and replied: "You see that great river. It rolls on and on. This is our culture. We love variations on a theme!"

The British writer John Fowles has written that Mahfouz gives readers "the rare privilege of experiencing a national psychology in a way that thousands of journalistic articles or television documentaries could not achieve." Perhaps that is true. But for readers who are as interested in watching the evolution of a story as the evolution of a culture, they should pick up a Dickens, not a Mahfouz. □

# The End of a History

DENNIS PRAGER

WHEN I WAS a graduate student at the Columbia University School of International Affairs in the early 1970s, the most memorable course I took outside my area of specialization was Modern Jewish History with Arthur Hertzberg. He was the kind of professor one dreams of—witty, opinionated, and immensely knowledgeable. I remember, for example, his penetrating definition of the exact beginning of modern Jewish history: The day Jews could cease being Jews without having to convert to another religion.

***The Jews in America: Four Centuries of an Uneasy Encounter, by Arthur Hertzberg (Simon & Schuster, 428 pp., $22.95)***

Since then, I have made sure to read almost everything Hertzberg has written. I usually disagree with him—his opinions are quite to the left on most issues—but he has been one of the few remaining intellectually honest left-liberals, and he is too bright to ignore. Moreover, unlike most other Jewish academics, Hertzberg, now a professor at Dartmouth, actually takes Judaism seriously, and until recently was the rabbi of a major conservative synagogue in New Jersey. So I looked forward to reading *The Jews in America: Four Centuries of an Uneasy Encounter*. Now I wonder if it would not have been better had I never heard of Arthur Hertzberg, the book is such a disappointment.

For one thing, Hertzberg's greatest gift, the ability to provoke thought, is virtually absent. The book is a dry history, and worse, it is the sort of narrowly focused and uninspiring history one would expect only from a materialist historian: the story simply of a people struggling to gain socio-economic power. *The Jews in America* is not about ideas, individuals, passions, or, incredibly, religion.

As a result, the Jews, certainly one of the world's most interesting and passionate people, appear lifeless and dull, which is precisely how Hertzberg sees American Jewry: national Jewish organizations are "totally bland," and are led and populated by "hollow men"; "American Jewishness [has become] all too respectable—and boring." How could anyone produce an interesting book about a subject he believes is bland, hollow, and boring?

In writing this book, the liberal academic Professor Hertzberg has utterly ignored the passionate intellectual Rabbi Hertzberg. In an almost classic Marxist view of history, the book concentrates on Jews' attainment of economic and political power in America, first by competing with one another (the struggle for power between German Jews, who came in the early 1800s, and Russian Jews, who came in

*Mr. Prager is co-author of* The Nine Questions People Ask about Judaism *and* Why the Jews? The Reason for Anti-Semitism. *He is a commentator on KABC Radio in Los Angeles, where he writes and publishes* Ultimate Issues, *a quarterly newsletter on Judaism and society.*



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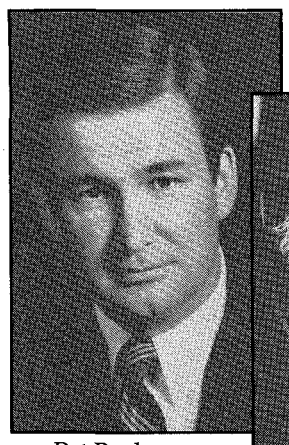
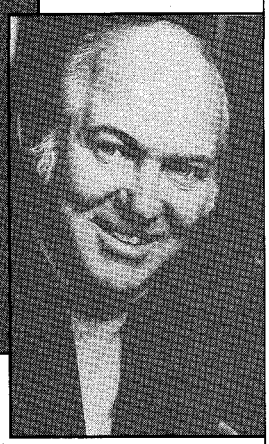


Pat Buchanan



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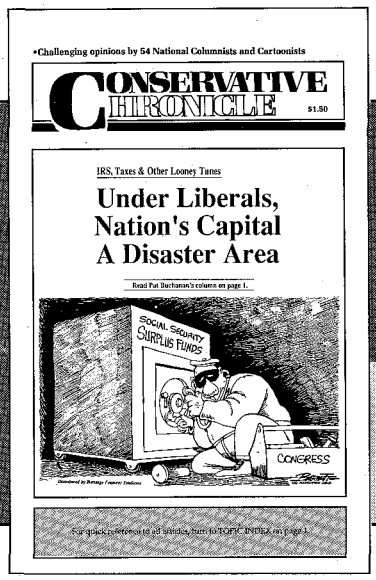
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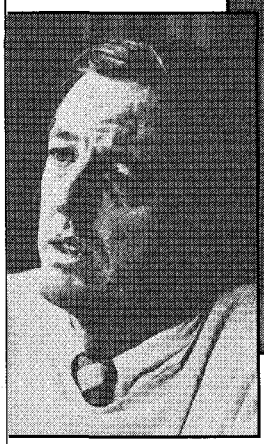

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the late 1800s, is the book's dominant theme), then by competing with the Christian majority. Once Jews attained this power, Hertzberg concludes, they became bland and boring. Yet, according to Hertzberg, no great characters or great theological struggles emerged in four hundred years of American Jewish history.

Of course, as in all sophisticated materialist analyses of history, Hertzberg's presentation, while not very interesting and actually quite depressing, is at least partially right. For many Jews, as for members of every other group to immigrate to America, seeking economic and political security was life's greatest goal. But if the pursuit of economic and political power has made Jews boring, isn't it fair to ask if America itself is boring? After all, with few exceptions (such as, Hertzberg notes, the Puritans and ultra-Orthodox Jews), America is the place where people overwhelmingly came to be free and to make money—not to think more deeply and live more profoundly. To cite the most current Jewish example, although 85 per cent of Soviet Jews prefer America to Israel, the most *interesting* Soviet Jews usually go to Israel. Natan Sharansky emigrated to Jerusalem, not to Brighton Beach, and this has been true of nearly every Soviet Jew whose first concern was Judaism and Jewish identity rather than making a good living (which I do not say at all judgmentally).

Can any ethnic group or civilization whose paramount goals are freedom and prosperity be interesting? Freedom and prosperity stir passions in those who do not have them, but once people attain these goals do they become devoid of passion? That is one question raised by Francis Fukuyama in "The End of History?": With the worldwide ascent of liberal democracy and free enterprise, will history, or at least history with passions and ideological tensions, be replaced by a boring world of shoppers?

Though he provides no answers, Hertzberg implicitly raises the most important question with which American Jews (and other Americans) must grapple: What do you do once you have attained security and affluence? When Jews cannot rely on fighting anti-Semites or on escaping poverty to give their Jewishness meaning, what will they turn to?

The answer, of course, is religion, which is why the so-called secular Jew is becoming an anachronism. Jews of the postwar generation who remain secular increasingly assimilate, while those who choose to retain their Jewish identity increasingly do so through commitment to Jewish religiosity rather than to secular ethnicity. Even Woody Allen, in his significant new film, *Crimes and Misdemeanors*, concludes that *only* religion can give meaning to Jewish identity.

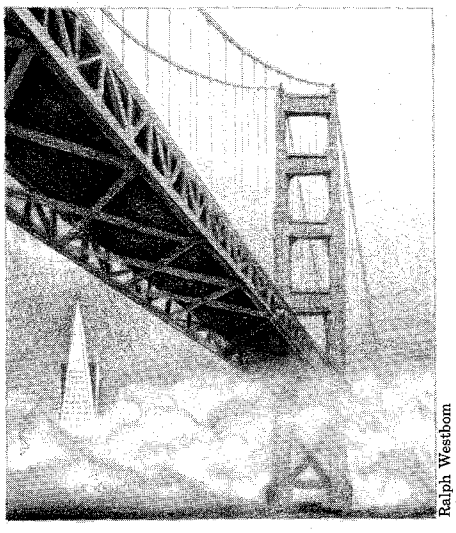
The secular, ethnic identity that sufficed to keep the past generation of American Jews "Jewish" has little meaning or appeal today. In this regard, Hertzberg's implication may be correct. Secular Jews *are* boring, as are secular non-Jews—but, then, so are secular histories of a religious civilization. A hundred years from now, another Jewish historian will write a more interesting history of American Jewry, in part because he will not view history through a materialist prism, and in part because his subject will be more interesting. American Jews will have either assimilated or become religiously Jewish: a development, incidentally, that will please most American Christians—and God. And as Jews readopt Judaism, they will abandon the "isms" that many of them have affirmed in its place, most prominently liberalism: a development that will please most readers of this journal—and God. □

## LETTER FROM SAN FRANCISCO

# A City-State of Mind

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

"IT IS, OF COURSE, a dying city," my friend said. We sat on a bench in Nob Hill's Huntington Park, enjoying postprandial cigars amid some of the most elegant architecture in America's most beautiful city, and at first the shock of his rhetorical offensive sent me reeling.



Ralph Westbom

"Its population is diminishing," he went on. "It's no longer the great banking center it used to be. And let's face it—" he waved his hand in a semicircle that encompassed Grace Cathedral, the Huntington Hotel, and the Pacific Union Club—"none of this is *real*."

Having just two months previously shaken the dust of forty years in New York City from my heels and crossed the continent to take up residence in San Francisco, I wasn't prepared to accept any such broad-brush indictment. Besides, I realized, my friend wasn't exactly an unprejudiced witness. He is, in fact, a dyed-in-the-wool Southern Californian, based in a town about an hour's drive east of Los Angeles (that vast metastasized parking lot), and what I was getting was pretty obviously a canned speech crafted, at one or two removes, by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce.

So there! Nevertheless, his sly digs stuck in my craw, and during the following days I found myself wondering whether there was any truth to his indictment.

A discreet check of census figures confirmed that San Francisco is indeed losing population. And yet his cleverly constructed picture of citizens fleeing a dying metropolis in despair is the opposite of the truth, being based on a freak of political geography.

The City and County of San Francisco, which are congruent, are simply the square tip (about four miles on a side) of the San Francisco peninsula, which juts northward between the Pacific Ocean and San Francisco Bay. The metropolitan area over which they preside, on the other hand—the so-called "Bay area"—includes notable municipalities like Oakland, Berkeley, Richmond, San Rafael, San Mateo, and San Jose, not to mention such lush suburbs as Marin County. Taken together,



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they comprise the fourth largest metropolitan area in the United States, exceeded only by New York, Los Angeles, and Chicago.

San Francisco, in short, is analogous to New York City's Borough of Manhattan (which has also been losing population), and neither can be understood without reference to the vast hinterlands that surround, sustain, and are sustained by them. Nor does it prove anything, incidentally, that San Jose has recently become the largest city in the Bay area—any more than it proves anything that Manhattan's population is smaller than that of Brooklyn, Queens, or the Bronx.

A Manhattan or a San Francisco loses population, not because it is "dying," but because it is sacrificing superfluities to its true function. Both, in the past, sheltered large numbers of people who simply lived there, as one might live today in Oakland or Brooklyn. But as each has increasingly assumed its role as the cultural capital of its milieu, large areas that were once essentially residential have been taken over for other purposes. Their residents have, for the most part, sensibly moved to the surrounding "bedroom counties"—greatly expanding the population of these and reducing that of the central city.

The San Francisco Bay area, in other words, is a howling success, and growing (forgive the pun) like the Green Bay Tree.

But what about San Francisco's relative decline as a business center? Here my Los Angeles friend was indeed on to something. It is undoubtedly true that San Francisco has largely lost its old hegemony to Los Angeles. (Historians may yet conclude that the day the money-men of Los Angeles put their dough on Barry Goldwater was the day Wall Street lost its exclusive grip on the financing of American politics.) But even financially we are speaking in strictly Western terms. Wall Street may no longer be the whole story, but it is still most of the story. And if we look beyond finance to the broader culture—especially politics and communications—it must be admitted that America is still largely run, neither by Los Angeles nor by San Francisco, but by the "Bos–Wash Corridor."

That, apart from the coincidences that affect every life, was the main reason I lived in Manhattan for forty years. My career was in political commentary and, to some small extent, in the backroom aspects of national politics. Washington was close enough to be observed carefully, visited frequently, and even, for a brief time, lived in. As for "communications," during most of those forty years they were a New York monopoly. All three commercial TV and radio networks, both major news magazines, both wire services, and two of the nation's three most important newspapers were headquartered there. (In recent years there has been a distinct tilt toward Washington in the matter of news reportage and commentary, but that only validates my point.)

It was therefore only when I stepped down a year ago as publisher of NATIONAL REVIEW that I felt free to consult my own longstanding inclination and move to this lovely, hill-studded "city by the Bay." From here I shall continue to muse on politics, but without any illusion that I will have much influence on the conventions of 1992. In San Francisco, I will be seeking something else. As James (as he then was) Morris once wrote, San Francisco "proves how gracefully Western man might have learnt to live, were it not for the preoccupations of war and power."

Yet here I was, being told by my Los Angeles friend that "none of this is *real*"!

Believe it or not, I can see what he means. The *filet* of San Francisco is a


*Jeffrey Hart aligns his critical approach with the central tradition, which starts with Samuel Johnson and extends to such luminaries as Edmund Wilson and Lionel Trilling. Writing about figures as diverse as Willmoore Kendall, Hobey Baker, Ludwig Wittgenstein, and C. S. Lewis, Hart's essays remain sociable and accessible —entertaining and provocative.*

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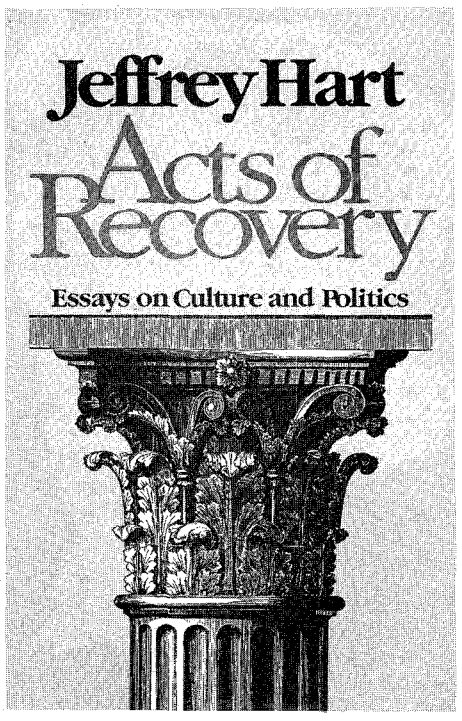


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## RIGHT BOOKS

■ FINDERS KEEPERS. Is the market just? Capitalism creates inequality, but does it, ipso facto, create injustice? As Israel Kirzner writes in *Discovery, Capitalism, and Distributive Justice* (Basil Blackwell, 192 pp., $29.95), the *alleged* injustice has meant "that no modern country has permitted unrestricted capitalism to flourish within its borders," but this is because the system's critics fail to grasp its essential character, which Professor Kirzner (New York University) defines as "decentralized decision making," which goes on in a fog of uncertainty, and is animated by *discovery*, a concept Kirzner takes, in part, from Hayek and, especially, Mises. There are many errors in the muddy process of competition, but the net is still a greater efficiency than results from central planning. Professor Kirzner emphasizes these errors (and the ignorance behind them) to explain that the market aggregate is the uncertain result of discovery. Entrepreneurs *discover* the size of the "pie," and, Kirzner writes, "the discovered character of the social pie renders thoroughly irrelevant much of the standard literature on the justice of capitalist distribution."

Why? Because that economic literature tends to treat the pie as "baked" (economic reality is known, stable), whereas, according to Kirzner, at best we actually have only the *ingredients* before us. In fact (and this is what turns the ethical debate), even those ingredients aren't given, which implies something critical: distributive justice cannot be viewed *apart from* the indefinite discovery process by which that to be distributed is determined. When products, markets, and —perhaps especially—profits are seen in the light of discovery, the capitalist's *right* to produce, sell, *and* profit is enhanced. We know this, in Kirzner's memorable phrasing, according to the common-sense notion of "finders keepers." Capitalists are (among other things, but, perhaps, above all) *alert* to potential enterprises—they find—and, by virtue of their creative efforts (not to mention their risk), are entitled to the fruits of their labor—they keep. Indeed, any attempt to stop the finder from keeping is itself unethical. In this, Professor Kirzner acknowledges his debt to Robert Nozick's "entitlement theory."

I direct the reader to Professor Kirzner's lyrical conclusion in which he looks at discovery and the finders keepers rule in an imagined confrontation at sunset between two beachcombers over a single, beautiful seashell. The poetic whimsey in no way obscures his point. Which is? That critics and defenders alike have tended to misperceive the machinery of capitalism and to undervalue the element of discovery *throughout the market process*. They have overlooked the intuition (common sense, folk wisdom — call it what you like) of finders keepers, which informs us that a man is entitled to own what he creates. Kirzner does not tell us how we ought to think about poverty, say, or taxation; he intends simply to have us understand that the appropriation of profit rests upon solid ethical ground.

—BRAD MINER

■ LOSERS WEEPERS. It is obvious to everyone that Marxism simply doesn't work—to everyone, that is, except the authors of American economics textbooks.

As Tom Bethell reported in these pages [October 13, 1989], the leading textbooks actually extol the virtues of socialism and Communism. In *the* top-selling textbook of 1987, for example, Campbell McConnell writes: "Despite the gargantuan character of the coordination problem, Soviet central planning has worked, and historically has functioned reasonably well." His 968 page tome includes *one* paragraph on private property.

In *New Ideas from Dead Economists* (New American Library, 321 pp., $19.95), Todd G. Buchholz argues that the ideas of Adam Smith, David Ricardo, and F. A. Hayek represent the leading edge of modern economics. In a witty and concise introduction to economic theory Mr. Buchholz presents the essence of Smith, Ricardo, Marx, Alfred Marshall, John Maynard Keynes, Hayek and others in a readable—at times even enjoyable—analysis.

He argues that economics is the science of choice—which ones to make, and who best to make them. Smith believed that man's nature aspires to live better—to constantly improve by bartering and trading for better things. "It is not from the benevolence of the butcher, the brewer, or the baker, that we expect our dinner," Smith observed, "but from their regard to their own interest," and Buchholz adds that contrary to romantic notions of human nature, "self-interest motivates more powerfully and consistently than kindness, altruism, or martyrdom."

But, Buchholz writes, economics is about more than the analysis of choices about wealth and investment; economics is also about politics. How do Keynesian ideas about government's role in controlling wealth interact with reality—reality being, among other things, inefficient bureaucrats, powerful special-interest groups, vote-buying officeholders, and all that goes with government?

Mr. Buchholz, currently an economic advisor at the White House, also reports on the doom-and-gloomers (Thomas Malthus, the Club of Rome, etc.) who have predicted that overcrowding will be so extreme that food supply will be desperately low, that pollution will be insurmountable, and that human temper will be driven so far that we will fall prey to cannabilistic instincts. Yet despite minor flaws in character, and a bit less elbow room, we have survived—uneaten and in pretty good shape.

*New Ideas from Dead Economists* is valuable to the lay reader who wishes to speak intelligently about economics and world markets. It is for those who either did not bother with economics in college or did but were exposed to books by Campbell McConnell.

— GEOFFREY MORRIS

pie-shaped wedge of land with City Hall as its apex, Market and Van Ness as its sides, and the curving bayfront as its crust. Within that wedge lie Nob Hill, Telegraph Hill, Russian Hill, the financial district, the Civic Center, Chinatown, Fisherman's Wharf, the Tenderloin, North Beach, Union Square, the Embarcadero: most, in short, of what San Francisco is famous for. This choice segment of San Francisco and the Bay area isn't so much a city as a state of mind: a set of images, sounds, odors, sentiments, and experiences. To some extent these are "real," in that they survive and have their functions today. But to a very large extent they exist (if at all, outside the realm of recollection and imagination) only by virtue of successive heroic acts of municipal sentimentality.

Take the famous cable-cars. They were positively made for me. They will take me from my door to almost any destination in the heart of town where I might want to go—and do it, moreover for just 15 cents, so fond is San Francisco of us geezers over 65. (For you, buster, the charge is two bucks.)

And yet there is really no excuse for the cable-cars whatever. Frequent municipal buses carry many more passengers faster and farther (and even retain the 15-cent fare for "senior citizens"). No San Franciscan under 65 in his right mind will pay two dollars to ride



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a cable-car if there is any reasonable alternative; they are obviously priced to exclude everyone but the elderly and the invaluable free-spending tourists.

And yet, when the citizens of San Francisco faced the choice, a few years ago, of scrapping the cable-cars or repairing them at huge expense, they didn't bat an eyelash. The cable-cars were rehabilitated without the slightest visible change, and are now ready to rattle and ring up and down the hills of San Francisco for another hundred years.

They are, you see, San Francisco's gondolas: a ridiculously outmoded form of transportation, but one with a unique charm and an unbreakable link to the history and meaning of the city.

And it is to Venice, I think, that we must look for the true analogy to this relatively small but very select portion of San Francisco and the Bay area. Venice, to be sure, is much further along their common road, but the similarities are plain. Both once counted for more in the great parade. Both chose to yield their place in it to others, in return for something they valued even more. Both, moreover, forsook it for the same ideal—one that Los Angeles has never even heard of. It is the only ideal that has ever seemed more seductive to men than power: a dream of charm, and grace, and almost implausible loveliness. □

## FILM

# Minority Reports

JOHN SIMON

ENEMIES: A LOVE STORY strives relentlessly, as befits a movie based on a novel by Isaac Bashevis Singer, to combine sex with metaphysics. I haven't read the book—Singer is not my cup of chicken soup—but the first three-fifths of the film work well enough. This is the tale of Herman Broder, a married Polish Jew whom his Christian servant kept hidden from the Nazis in a hayloft. When his wife, Tamara, and two children were lost in the Holocaust, Herman married Yadwiga, the servant, and they emigrated to America.

They live in Brooklyn, in the symbolic shadow of Coney Island's giant Wonder Wheel, where the peasant Yadwiga humbly keeps house and does not question Herman's long absences as a traveling book salesman. Actually, Herman works as ghostwriter for a fancy Central Park West rabbi, and shares another apartment with Masha, his sexy mistress, a survivor of the camps, and her even more histrionic, indeed hysterical, mother. His traveling is done on the subway: from Yadwiga's to Rabbi Lembeck's to Masha's. When the supposedly dead Tamara shows up (the children perished, but she miraculously escaped) Herman's life becomes as restlessly spinning as a roulette, if not a wonder, wheel.

Meanwhile, Masha, pregnant, has extorted marriage from Herman, whose life as a trigamist has, like any ferris wheel, its ups and downs. He gets creature comforts from Yadwiga, who even converted to Judaism for him, and ends up being the best Jew of the lot; from Masha, he gets mad passion and infighting (all is war in love and sex); with Tamara, there is the shared past as well as wry, practical sobriety. But the human Wonder Wheel breaks down in a funny party scene.

At this point, regrettably, the film also crumbles. It may be that, in the novel, Singer can make the bizarre and violent fluctuations of Masha's behavior, which drag Herman partially along, believable; in Roger L. Simon and Paul Mazursky's screenplay, they are a capricious mixture of the willful and woeful, more arbitrary than fateful. Perhaps part of the problem is that, despite canny casting, a certain imbalance obtains. The simply competent and earthy Yadwiga of Margaret Sophie Stein and the cynically brooding Tamara of Anjelica Huston cannot quite compete—perhaps nobody could—with Lena Olin's dazzlingly sensual Masha. Inasmuch as Herman's intellectual complexities are left underdeveloped by the script and the in other respects impeccable Ron Silver, it is not clear why the movie's Herman, sexually greedy and slightly pathetic, would not settle down to amorous enmity with this mother of his unborn child.

Toward film's end, all the characters make choices that, at least as the


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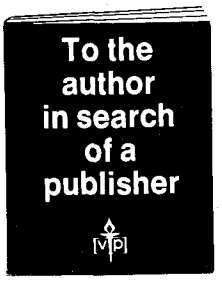


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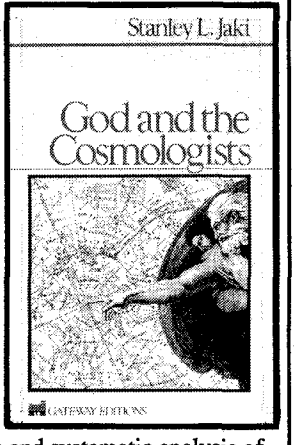


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movie presents them, are hard to swallow. But until then, Mazursky's good handling of the actors (with the exception, perhaps, of two grotesques who verge on caricature as played by Phil Leeds and Judith Malina), and his feeling for the seedier aspects of New York in the late Forties, supplemented by Pato Guzman's expert production design, serve *Enemies* well. And Lena Olin is unforgettable as carnality incarnate.

■ *Driving Miss Daisy* accomplishes the impossible task of transferring a small, intimate three-character play that uses specifically theatrical, non-naturalistic devices to the realistic screen without losing its modest, bittersweet charm. Well, to be quite honest, it does lose some, but not enough to prevent the movie from being penetrant and affecting in its own right. For this we must thank Alfred Uhry, who adapted his own play, and Bruce Beresford, who directed with unostentatious finesse.

Miss Daisy, based on Uhry's grandmother, is a retired Jewish schoolteacher in Atlanta. Though she once knew hard times, now, thanks to the prosperity of the family cotton mill, currently run by her son, Boolie, she lives in a grand house with a capable black housekeeper and a shiny new Packard. But she is 72 and wrecks her car; to drive her new Hudson, Boolie hires, very much against her wishes, a sixtyish black chauffeur, Hoke Colburn.

The film covers a quarter-century during which Hoke becomes ever more necessary to Miss Daisy, who warms to him with excruciating slowness, her wariness and niggardliness flaring up again and again. Yet, with Boolie occasionally intervening, Miss Daisy and Hoke find their way to a prickly but mutually helpful relationship.

Daisy's problem is that she can't accept her affluence and remains stingy with both her possessions and her emotions. Hoke, who says he likes working for Jewish people (there is some solidarity between these beleaguered minorities), nevertheless has rough going of it with the crotchety crone: his pride is often trampled on, his patience stretched almost beyond endurance. But they make progress through funny little misadventures, lopsided fights (he curses under his breath), and starchy reconciliations. Daisy helps the dignified yet illiterate Hoke toward literacy, while his ironic complaisance and tact-

Joseph Borzotta

ful suasion end up by humanizing her.

Ultimately, the movie is about Daisy's growing dependency and Hoke's increasing ascendance. As Jessica Tandy and Morgan Freeman play these two characters, they become infinitely rich in shading. Under her unyielding hauteur, Miss Daisy nevertheless suggests the need for Hoke's reasonableness and strength; underneath his good-humored compliance, Hoke cannot quite hide some irony and resentment. It is all there in his variously intoned "Yes'm"— ranging from obligingness to tacit contempt, from sympathy to mild sarcasm—with which he responds to her genuine needs and absurd whims. Their mutual understanding evolves, yet for all her Jewishness and former penury, Miss Daisy cannot forget her image of herself as the white Southern lady, just as Hoke cannot forget that though he may be her superior in many ways, he cannot be her social equal.

It is not till long after Hoke has retired into rather easeful old age and Miss Daisy has been confined to an old folks' home and is on the threshold of death that the final epiphany occurs. Boolie takes Hoke along on a visit to his mother. Miss Daisy, frail and transparent as a paper flower, sends the by now greying and potbellied Boolie off "to charm the nurses," so she can be alone with Hoke, who helps her with her dinner, feeding her with spoonful by compassionate spoonful, his own hands less steady than when he used to drive her. Only then does the old woman admit that Hoke was her best friend. Even this scene, though, like all that preceded it, is directed as drily as possible; by not trying to break our hearts, it gently, sadly, humanely pervades our souls.

*Driving Miss Daisy* is a film made up mostly of very small incidents, many of them left unresolved except for the reverberations they set up in the characters and the audience. And although we see in the lives of Daisy and Boolie the growing acceptance of Jews by the Old South, and the loves of Hoke and his unseen daughter the integration of blacks into white society, the film does not cheat. Miss Daisy and Hoke may form a somewhat comic alliance against real and imaginary ills, but it never becomes a true friendship.

There are some oversimplifications. Boolie's parvenu wife (Patti LuPone) is a bit too obviously crude; Idella, the housekeeper (Esther Rolle), is as tall, dignified, wise as Hoke (are there no imperfect blacks?); a black, hymn-singing funeral is a trifle too resplendently life-affirming; the racist comment of a highway patrolman about Miss Daisy and Hoke is a mite too pat. But these are minor matters, and may even be necessary guideposts for an audience that cannot live with too much subtlety. And in the acting of Tandy, Freeman, and, yes, Dan Aykroyd (Boolie), the film gets plenty of honesty, humor, and understated forcefulness. That sentiment does not slide into sentimentality is Bruce Beresford's discreet directorial contribution. □

## DELECTATIONS

# Ironed Shoelaces, Northern Lights

NIKA HAZELTON

My father liked to have things just so. His daily newspaper had to be ironed before it was brought to him, because he did not like the nasty folds it had when the maid fetched it from the newsvendor. He was a very well-dressed man, and whenever he changed shoes the shoelaces had to be freshly ironed. The shoes were always highly polished, and black, for he despised brown shoes. But in July and August he would blossom out in white



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shoes, and they were immaculate. (Can you imagine an American maid doing all of this? Frankly, I can't).

The only place I have ever found in my travels that gave a level of service of which my father would have approved was the Hotel d'Angleterre in Copenhagen. At the time I knew it (about 25 years ago) it was really fabulous, with a little kitchen and a waiter who knew how to cook on each floor, white lilac blossoms filling the downstairs lobby in January, and two porters who were wonderful at deciding which letters should be sent on to me as I wandered around in northern Scandinavia. The Angleterre is still Copenhagen's best hotel, and Copenhagen is probably the nicest city I know; a city one can walk in, built on a human scale, and full of architectural sights, museums, amusement parks, good restaurants, and wonderful shops.

My winter in Scandinavia, I spent a lot of time in North Norway, beyond the Arctic Circle. I especially fancied Norwegian Lapland, where I saw for the first time the lights of the aurora borealis, which leapt about the black night sky in an absolutely demented manner. I could well understand why the primitive, nomadic Lapps were frightened by these mad lights.

Winter is really winter up near the Arctic Circle. I remember once buying for my hostess some "Christmas roses," poor half-dead little begonias, wrapped against the bitter cold in seven layers of newspaper (not ironed), five layers of white tissue paper, and covered with a Christmasy wrapping.

There weren't many other visitors in Lapland at that time of year, but one who seemed particularly out of place was an Indian who was there investigating the Hindu belief, derived from the Vedas, that the Hindus originated in the far north. This man traipsed around Lapland dressed in a dirty pink sari, a thin coat, and a bowler hat, and he *always* carried a folded umbrella (a rarity in Lapland). I gave him my New York address, and he turned up there one morning, to the distress of my poor husband. He was a vegetarian, which had made things difficult in Lapland, where reindeer meat and fish are the everyday staple foods. Being a vegetarian is easy in New York; but unfortunately the man also wanted to live with us, which was not possible at all. Having a free world pass, the Hindu later plagued my Swiss landlady, but mercifully I never saw him in Switzerland.

In any case, imagine my joy to come back to the delights of Copenhagen after the sterner beauties of Lapland. There, I found Chef Wennberg, Scandinavia's most famous pastry chef. Chef Wennberg, a great artist, had created wonders at the Swedish Royal Palace, such as his superior chocolate and orange cake. This cake, though lighter than our American cakes, has excellent keeping qualities, and is fragrant with orange.

### Chocolate and Orange Cake

*Cake*
2¾ cups flour
¾ cup Dutch-type cocoa
3 teaspoons baking powder
Grated rind of 4 large oranges
2 cups (1 pound) unsalted butter
1¾ cups sugar
4 eggs
¾ cup lukewarm water
¾ cup milk

*Chocolate Coating*
Three 4-ounce bars sweet baking chocolate

*Marzipan Coating*
2 cups almond paste
Green food coloring

*Decoration*
Candied violets, roses, and mimosa

Set oven at 350°.

*To make cake*: Sift flour with cocoa and baking powder. Stir in orange rind. Cream butter until soft. Gradually beat in sugar, 2 tablespoons at a time, beating well after each addition. Beat in eggs, one at a time, beating well. Combine water and milk. Alternately add flour mixture and milk to the batter, beginning and ending with flour. Pour into greased and floured 13" x 4" baking pan. Bake in oven about 1 hour, or until cake tests done. Let stand at room temperature for about 5 minutes before unmolding.

*To make chocolate coating*: Melt chocolate in the top of a double boiler. Stir until very smooth. Spread with a pastry brush over cooled cake. Smooth with a warmed spatula or knife. Coating must be very smooth. Chill until firm.

*To make marzipan coating*: If almond paste is too stiff to handle, warm slightly in top of double boiler. Work in sufficient green food coloring for desired shade. Between 2 sheets of waxed paper, roll out almond paste to ¼-inch thickness or thinner. Roll it long and wide enough to cover the top and sides of the cake. Remove 1 sheet of waxed paper. Flip almond paste onto cake and remove the second sheet of waxed paper. Trim edges of marzipan to fit cake. Cake must be completely covered with almond paste. Use remaining almond paste to decorate cake with hearts, bows, or any desired shapes. Finally, decorate cake with candied violets, roses, and mimosa. □


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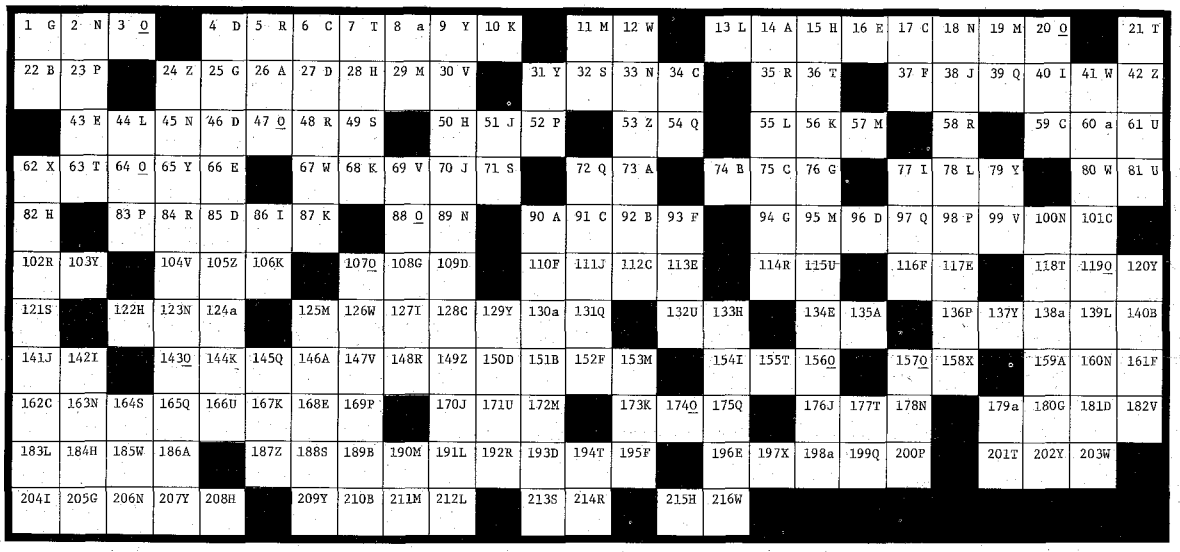
# TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney




## DEFINITIONS

A. Tallinn resident — 146 186 14 26 135 159 90 73

B. Nation where Communism died hard — 140 210 189 22 92 151 74

C. Carelessness — 75 34 6 128 91 101 162 59 112 17

D. Teddy's swimming destination — 85 4 181 96 27 150 193 46 109

E. Rimless hat — 43 113 196 66 16 168 134 117

F. Bother — 93 161 152 116 110 37 195

G. Crane for Washington Irving — 180 25 1 108 94 205 76

H. Backwoods libation — 215 122 50 133 208 15 184 28 82

I. Like pigs in revelry! — 127 77 40 204 154 86 142

J. Unusual — 38 170 51 70 141 111 176

K. Like a harbor with low visibility — 173 68 10 144 56 106 167 87

L. Aquarium — 78 139 191 44 183 13 55 212

M. Bullied — 190 95 211 57 11 29 125 172 19 153

N. Disastrous NYC policy designed to keep housing affordable (2 words) — 160 178 100 89 33 45 123 18 206 2 163

O. Relationship — 119 20 156 143 107 88 157 3 47 174 64

P. Old men (Brit.) — 98 136 52 83 169 200 23

Q. Nanny — 97 72 165 131 175 39 199 145 54

R. RSVP material — 102 48 148 84 192 58 214 114 5 35

S. Posy — 32 188 121 164 49 213 71

T. Haunt's haunt? (2 words) — 7 177 36 118 201 155 63 21 194

U. Largest of the Society Islands — 115 166 81 171 61 132

V. Plant of mixed origin — 182 104 69 147 99 30

W. Guide dog's most valuable canines! — 185 12 203 126 216 41 80 67

X. Anais — 197 62 158

Y. In a casual manner — 31 103 79 202 65 9 207 129 137 209 120

Z. Quotients — 42 149 187 53 105 24

a. Resolve a dispute — 138 179 198 8 60 130 124

## DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 61 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**



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## Secretary Baker's Licentious OKs

NEW YORK, JANUARY 19

Miss Margaret Tutwiler, spokesman for the State Department, has given explicit sanction to the use by the Soviet Union of its armed forces to bring peace and order to Azerbaidzhan. In December, Secretary of State James Baker said that he would have no objections to the use of Soviet troops to help bring order to Rumania. There are those who froze at the association of Soviet troops with "law & order." The kind of law and order associated with the use of the Soviet military brings to mind the dispatch of the army to Afghanistan in 1979, precisely to bring law and order to Kabul.

One wonders: Why does Mr. Baker want to baptize the use of Soviet troops in Azerbaidzhan? History acknowledges that there are ancient rivalries between Armenia and Azerbaidzhan [see below]. But these rivalries are unattached to the much larger question, which has to do with the separatist inclinations of the Azerbaidzhanis, who were incorporated into the Soviet Union, as usual by force, in 1920.

Now the problem of the Union of Synthetic Soviet Socialist States is not the problem of the United States Government, just as the problem of the independence of Bangladesh was not an American problem. What is very much an American concern, however, is the strength and size of the Soviet army. The day after Secretary Baker gave his sanction to the use of Soviet troops in Azerbaidzhan, Czechoslovakia asked that Soviet troops be withdrawn within two years, and that was a week after Poland requested the withdrawal of Soviet troops by the end of this year. We are talking about big figures: 380,000 troops in East Germany, 40,000 in Poland, 65,000 in Hungary, 70,000 in Czechoslovakia. Mr. Gorbachev has not committed himself to recalling these troops, and one legitimately wonders whether circumstances will arise in which their use to maintain law and order will be invoked. After all, Mr. Baker invited the use of those troops for just that purpose in Rumania. And admirers of Mr. Gorbachev expect miracles from him. Strobe Talbott of *Time* magazine would certainly not have been surprised if Gorbachev had succeeded in resurrecting Ceausescu.

We should be wary of facile analogies to Abraham Lincoln and his fight to preserve the Union. That fight bore directly on the question of slavery. Mr. Lincoln was opposed to slavery, but wedded to constitutionality, and was even prepared to guarantee the survival of slavery in the slave states, until the voters themselves voted for emancipation. But the constitutional compact of 1789, he held, was sacred. There is no equivalent of any such compact, freely arrived at, binding the Soviet socialist states to each other. And, interestingly enough, at Stalin's insistence two of these states, Byelorussia and the Ukraine, vote independently in the United Nations. More accurately, they vote separately. They vote, of course, at the dictation of Moscow. But Moscow has maintained the position that they are separate states.

So what if they wish, as the Baltic states so vociferously do, to dislodge themselves from the Soviet Union? Or, failing de jure dislodgment, what if these states wish to work out a kind of autonomy consistent with what they think they can manage by themselves? Moscow will probably send its armies to prevent this from happening: but why should the U.S. lend its prestige to such an enterprise? And what if Moscow decided that friction between the Turks and the Bulgarians requires pacification by the Soviet military? Would we be prepared, a few months later, to dispatch General Scowcroft and Assistant Secretary Eagleburger to Moscow to reaffirm our conviction, sealed in champagne, that Moscow was a major power with which we have a continuing need to search out common interests?

I fear that Mr. Baker is running into the same kind of trouble we ran into in 1956. Then, Israel, strongly backed by England and France, mounted a campaign against Nasser's Egypt. Khrushchev was quick to take the opportunity to send his tanks into Hungary to repress the freedom-fighters. Eisenhower went cuckoo-mad at our allies for making a gesture that was imperialistic in appearance. Just so, Mr. Baker no doubt is obsessed by our Panamanian venture, and is anxious to spread the word that the Soviet Union is also free to go about sowing law and order. The difference being that that is exactly what we are engaged in in Panama, while every use of the Soviet military since the world war has been to suppress human appetites for freedom. □

## Can You Follow It?

NEW YORK, JANUARY 17

Let's face it, some of what is going on in Eastern Europe and Western Asia is going to bring the big yawn to the American news shopper. Early this week, MacNeil–Lehrer (blessed be their names, for they have begotten the best news show in history) dug up a scholarly lady who is Azerbaidzhani in origin, to discuss with an Armenian professor located somewhere near Detroit the question of who is right, who wrong, and why, in the struggle over Nagorno–Karabakh (stay with me), which is an enclave in the middle of Azerbaidzhan and is predominantly Christian in loyalty, but is surrounded by fanatically devoted Shiite Moslems, and now Soviet troops are landing there attempting to restore order, because 56 people are reported as having been killed in Baku, and what we want to know, Professor Suny, is, Is this a civil war? Well, that depends on whether you consider the two countries separate, because a civil war is defined as a war fought within the boundaries of a single country, and to answer that question, you have got to begin by looking at the situation in the first century A.D. (first century A.D.? God spare us!)— because back then what is now Armenia really exercised power over the whole area, including much of what is now Iran and Turkey . . . and then when in 1920 the Soviet Union annexed the two states it was really a Balkanization of two countries that could certainly live amicably together if only . . .

I stuck it out, but my guess is that, not counting Armenian-Americans, by the end of the quarter-hour, it was me and the duty officer of the *World Almanac* who were there, trying to piece it together, and this suggests a problem with the events ahead, because the liberation of Eastern Europe amounts simultane-



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ously to the liberation of pent-up antagonisms which emptied out into the world with fissiparous gusto about the time the animals stalked away from Noah's Ark.

Mr. Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, the Austrian scholar, recently reminded us [*NR*, Jan. 22] of some of these divisions, while acknowledging grounds for coexistence. Northern Europeans have for generations looked down upon Italians, Spaniards, and Greeks, but accept them as guest workers with equanimity. The real trouble began with the proliferation of Islamic guest workers, who are decent, hard-working—but unassimilable. In Belgium, itself fiercely divided between the Flemings and the French-speaking Walloons, signs appear in shop and restaurant windows: No Arabs.

But go East. We have seen Lithuania against Gorbachev, with Latvians and Estonians standing by and resisting Russian immigration. In addition to the Armenians *v.* Azerbaidzhanis, there are the Tadzhiks against the Kirghiz, Uzbeks against Tadzhiks, Islamic Abkhazians against Christian Georgians, the lot of them against the Russians. Elsewhere within the Communist camp we see the oppression of Magyars by Rumanians, of Turks and Islamized Bulgars by Communized Christian Bulgars, of Slovenes, Croats, Albanians, and others by the Serbs of Yugoslavia.

We fancy ourselves as having become a truly cosmopolitan nation since the Second World War when we woke up one day and discovered that we were one of two imperial powers in the world. But interest in international affairs was held by the threat of the other imperial power. At least for the time being, the Soviet Union has ceased to be that. Moreover, if you count in a few of the constituent Soviet states which, given one-half a chance (the Ukraine is the most conspicuous example), would take their stand in Dixieland and settle for an exchange of ambassadors with Moscow, you would have the happy prospect of a thoroughly Balkanized Soviet Union.

But the point of this essay is that it is not realistically possible to fasten American interest on the centrifugal impulses of Europe and Asia. The attention just plain flags, and conscientious folk, seeking an excuse to detach themselves from the quarrel between Armenians and Azerbaidzhanis, take refuge in the cozy hearth of: isolationism. To energize the American public on the rivalries breaking out all over, it will be necessary to dramatize their geopolitical implications for the United States. And that is a challenge at least the equal of the talents of MacNeil–Lehrer. □

## *On Enhancing Race Relations*

NEW YORK, JANUARY 15

The *New York Times* on Martin Luther King Day reports on activities undertaken by the University of Michigan to combat racism. Among these are new offerings in the curriculum, including a course called "Ancient Greece and the Black Experience." The Nuclear Engineering Department will have a course called "Your Success Can Be Enhanced by Positive Race Relations." And the School of Natural Resources will address "Environmental Issues and Concerns: The Impact on People of Color." It takes one's breath away. Or should.

The current issue of *Chronicles* reports on an incident in Stanford, California, that, in the opinion of author Jared Taylor, highlights what he calls the encouragement of "ethnic aggressivity." The story is gruesomely interesting.

One day last year, some undergraduates were discussing musical origins in the Ujamaa House, which is Stanford's "African-theme" dormitory. A black student, who is identified in the long report since issued by the Stanford administration only as "QC," announced that all music played in America had African origins. A white student ("Fred") said, Whaddayamean! Beethoven, for instance, wasn't black. To which QC replied, Oh yes, he was.

Fred was amused and annoyed, and thought he would satirize the statement. He did this by filching a huge poster of Beethoven from the Stanford Symphony Orchestra. He went to work on it, giving Beethoven an Afro and black features, and then hung the picture, in the dead of night, outside QC's room.

The following day, someone scrawled the word "niggers" across a poster advertising a dance at a black fraternity. I say "someone" because although it was generally assumed that the person who did so was a white bigot, the suspicion is there that it was the work of a black agent provocateur.

What then happened was that Fred went to the "TA," a teaching assistant, and said to him that he wondered if QC was really upset about the Beethoven poster, to which the TA replied, Don't worry about it, it will blow over—obviously it was not meant maliciously.

But that was not to be, and in due course Fred identified himself as the Beethoven plastic surgeon and invited everyone at Ujamaa House to a meeting so he could explain his non-racist motivation. But no sooner had he begun than a black student interrupted: "You arrogant bastard. How dare you come here and not even apologize?" I quote from the author of the story: "Fred made a perfunctory apology, which the blacks did not accept, and there followed a hostile clamor that Fred be expelled from his dormitory . . . James W. Lyons [the Dean of Student Affairs] came to Fred's defense and argued that the Beethoven poster was not a big deal, that Fred should stay. The black students then turned on the dean, and attacked him repeatedly . . . QC stood up and said he could not tolerate having Fred live next door . . . After a few minutes of this, QC started crying, became hysterical, and moved toward Fred. He shouted something to the effect that back in Chicago, where he was from, he could kill Fred for a thing like that. He then lunged at Fred and collapsed." He was taken out of the room "crying and screaming and having a fit." The dean finally agreed to expel Fred from his dorm. (He clearly aspires to be a dean at Dartmouth College, whose specialty is yielding to minority pressures). Two days later, two of the white residents at Ujamaa found notices pushed under their doors: "Non-blacks leave our home/ you are not welcome at Ujamaa." And, on the bulletin board, a sign, "Smash the honkie oppressors!"

The net effect of the incident, and a few others, was a 244-page report on race relations which called for thirty new minority faculty, twice as many minority graduate students, twice as many courses on race relations, an obligatory undergraduate course in ethnic studies, and an assortment of workshops, review boards, executive committees, and task forces.

A second news story on Martin Luther King Day in the *New York Times* is headed, "Mid- and Low-Income Minorities in Decline on College Rolls."

One is entitled to ask the question: What if every college and university exactly duplicated the action of Stanford? Where would they find the students, the graduate students, and the teachers?

Well, if you're going to give courses on "Ancient Greece and the Black Experience" you don't really need a teacher, do you? Why don't people remind themselves, on Martin Luther King Day, that Mr. King's dream was of a society in which the color of the skin was unnoticeable. The whole race-relations drag in places like Stanford has only the effect of accentuating the color of a student's skin, which ought to be irrelevant, but certainly isn't at Ujamaa House. □

*(Universal Press Syndicate)*



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# OFF THE RECORD

■ Who was it that said timing is everything? The Honorable Marion Barry of Washington, D.C., breathed new life into that old cliché when he walked into Room 727 of the Vista International Hotel—and into the middle of a joint FBI–police sting operation. After videotaping the mayor smoking crack, the authorities moved in. His arrest came just two days before he was to kick off his re-election campaign.

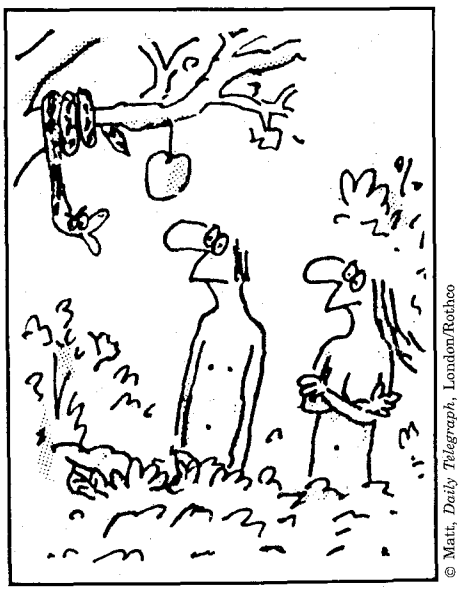
The real question, however, is not what the arrest does to Mr. Barry, but what it does to his two leading contenders, Jesse Jackson and former police chief Maurice Turner. Reverend Jackson has remained coy all along, saying he would not oppose his "friend" Marion Barry and expending his energies on the ludicrous effort to make the District of Columbia (population six hundred thousand) a state. But the arrest puts Jackson on the spot, to see whether he is serious about running anything other than (as Barry put it in a *Los Angeles Times* interview) his mouth.

More interesting is the case of Chief Turner, a convert to the Republican Party who just recently came out against gun control, something he had favored all those years as the city's top cop. The natural reaction to the mayor's arrest was that it improved the chances of electing a Republican to run city hall (after all, if they can do it in Rumania . . . ). But a high-ranking Republican close to the campaign says the arrest probably hurts Mr. Turner more than Mr. Barry. "Turner needed one thing in his campaign," the GOPer told Cato, "and that was to run against Marion Barry. No Barry, no campaign."

■ While Mayor Barry dries out at the Hanley–Hazelden Center in West Palm Beach, Florida, just across the water Fidel Castro hangs on. This is no mean feat, as the Soviet press has been urging the Politburo to spend money on Russian butter, not Cuban guns. Indeed, had the Administration got TV Martí up and running by November, as initially planned, Mr. Castro might have joined the late Mr. Ceausescu in a warmer climate than even Havana's.

TV Martí was patterned on Radio Martí, a sort of Radio Free Europe for Cuba that was held up by worry-warts at State but put through by a determined Reagan Administration in 1985 to great success. Congress approved the money for TV Martí almost a year ago, but it has faced similar internal opposition.

Phil Nicolaides, now radio host for *NR*'s "Headline Exchange" debates with *The New Republic*, was originally a leading candidate for the directorship of TV Martí, but he was successfully opposed by State Department and Voice of America careerists for uttering truths about the nature of Communist regimes before they had been confirmed by Mr. Gorbachev. In any case the new nominee is Tony Navarro, author of *Tocayo*, a book about his work in the Cuban resistance, and Cato has no reason to think he won't do a fine job. But the real tragedy, however, is that the delay in getting TV Martí off the ground meant that the Cuban people never saw for themselves the dramatic developments in Hungary, Poland, East Germany, Czechoslovakia, and Bulgaria, which scenes ultimately inspired the Rumanians to remove the last of the Soviet-bloc dictators from Central Europe.



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*"Well, the Ministry of Agriculture says it's all right."*

■ In a White House reception for the Asian-American Voters Coalition back in October, the President himself reaffirmed to substantial applause his "support for our policy of no forced repatriation of refugees to a country like Vietnam." This was in response to plans by Britain to forcibly return tens of thousands of refugees whom they have interned in concrete prison camps in the colony of Hong Kong.

The applause may have been premature. Just before Christmas the Thatcher government sent 51 Vietnamese boat people (all but eight of them women and children) back to Hanoi with the promise of sending back many more, with nothing but Hanoi's word that they will be well treated. Even though the subsequent debate in Parliament was marked by anti-American outbursts from the Tory benches, there was only muted criticism from the White House.

British officials spent the next several weeks leaking stories hinting that the U.S. had agreed to compromise its no-forced-repartriation stand, which leaks were said to have irritated the good folks at State and the National Security Council. At a Geneva gathering in late January, the U.S. proposed a year-long moratorium, after which forced return would be accepted under monitored conditions—a concession on principle, as the British quickly pointed out, and hard to square with Bush's October promise. Nevertheless, a State Department spokesman denied any change in the U.S. position. Obviously *someone* is fibbing.

■ Now that Mikhail Gorbachev has been named Man of the Decade, it's interesting to see where the Soviet Lincoln turns for guidance. Cato hears that Ronald Reagan has been invited for a sentimental trip back to the Evil Empire in a bid to boost the Soviet Party leader's sagging fortunes. Evidently Mr. Gorbachev knows something the editors of *Time* don't.

—CATO



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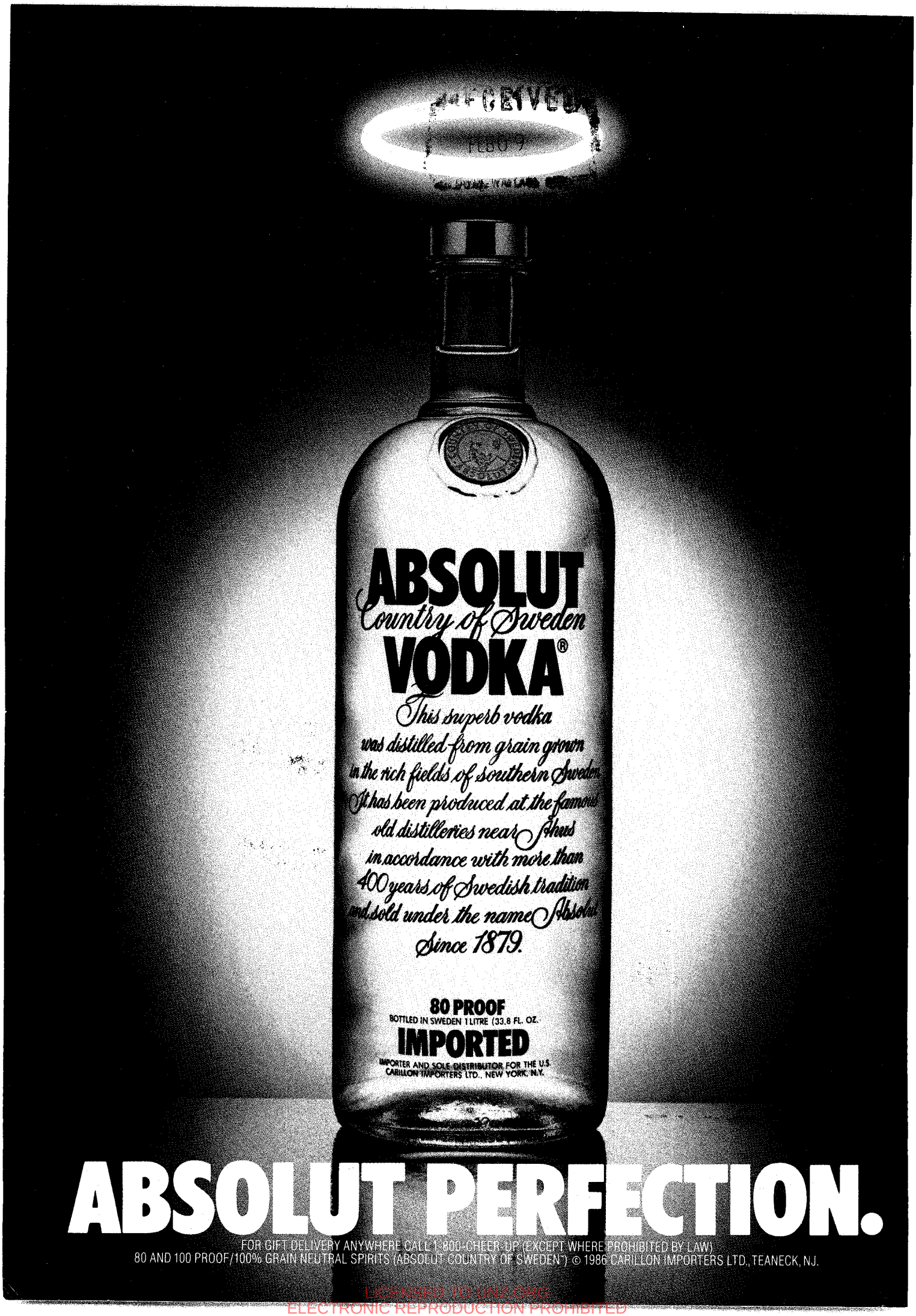
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